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## MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

*Mélanges de Littérature et de Politique. Par M. Benjamin Constant. Paris, 1829.*

If we were called upon to point out the most characteristic distinction which separates French writers of the present age from those of any former generation, we should without hesitation fix it in the superior spirit of truth which appears to us to animate the whole of their labours. Not of truth metaphysical, political, or economical: for differences will always exist upon the question by whom this has been reached or how far attainable; but of truth, as it is open to all men—of truth in disposition and intention of mind. This quality at best had but a languid existence in the works of the most eminent men of the last age in France. The leading ranks in society had reached that point of corruption in which they did not recoil from the consciousness of dishonesty and debasement, or object to the satirical exposure of their vices in the history, the poem, or the drama. But they still laid claim to similar sort of *menagemens* to those which might be exacted by an old dame of *ci-devant* doubtful reputation; and which would consist not by any means in abstinence from sportive or satirical reminiscences, but in caution not to call things by their right names, and not to press too closely on the sore points of character which there are none but have the grace to be ashamed of. 'La religion et la politique de l'Etat,' says M. de Sismondi, 'ces deux grands leviers qui mettent en mouvement les sociétés humaines, n'ont jamais pu être abordées avec une pleine franchise; jamais on n'a pu attacher ouvertement le blâme partout où l'on a cru qu'il était mérité. Les écrivains mêmes qui voulaient attaquer l'Eglise ou la monarchie ont voilé des accusations quelque fois exagérées sous des protestations qui n'étaient pas moins fausses: leurs déclarations de respect devaient servir à masquer leurs agressions; ils semblaient compter que leurs lecteurs ne prendraient pas à la lettre toutes leurs paroles, et ils ont employé beaucoup d'esprit à s'ôter à eux mêmes le caractère de bonne foi le plus essentiel de tous à conserver par ceux qui veulent être écoutés.'

M. Benjamin Constant needs no introduction to the readers of French literature and politics, either as the emulous admirer of Madame de Staël, or as the defender 'during forty years,' (to use his own words) of liberty in all things, in religion, in philosophy, in literature, in industry, in politics: and by liberty, he adds, 'I mean the triumph of individuality, as well over authority which would govern by despotism, as over the masses which would claim the right of enslaving the minority by the majority.' There is another character, however, in which M. Constant is probably not so generally known to readers on this side the Channel: as a prophet of great changes in the political state of England, which perplex us not a little, we confess, in the oracular terms employed by him to announce them. We do not doubt, however, that his wisdom on these subjects will find as much acceptance at Paris as that of our own 'leading journals' on the present state of France at home: and leaving his lucubrations upon Pitt and the *pariah laws* to the circles for which doubtless they were intended, we shall limit our citations and remarks to points of more interest to the general and literary reader.

We shall first extract a few of those smart aphoristic sentences, in which our author seems to have

striven to catch the mantle of Madame de Staël; often we think by no means unsuccessfully, and generally with less distortion or sacrifice of truth than this seductive form is apt to occasion.

'Right is a principle; utility is but a result. Right is a cause, utility is but an effect.'

'To talk of subjecting right to utility, is to talk of subjecting the eternal rules of arithmetic to our interests of every day.'

'Works of imagination ought not to have a moral purpose, but a moral result.'

'There is a multitude of men who regard the avowal of immorality as a secret told them in confidence, who are flattered by this confidence, and who do not perceive that, in mocking at the most serious things in their company, it is they who in reality are mocked at.'

'Opinions (in 1789) were violent as prejudices, and inflexible as principles.'

'So soon as pure despotism is impossible, the true curse of a country is aristocracy.'

'People separate institutions from their practical effects, and then admire them for what they were intended to produce, without once inquiring what they have produced in reality.'

'Persecution, more or less disguised, is the never-failing attendant on all superfluous action of authority.'

'Individuality disappears in man, so soon as man ceases to be an end, and becomes a mean.'

'Every thing which is not civilised, every thing which has not been submitted to the artificial domination of man, speaks to his heart. Only those things which he has fashioned to his own uses are dumb, because they are dead; but these same things, when time has abolished their utility, recover a mystic life: destruction has replaced them in their old relations with nature. Modern buildings are silent; ruins speak.'

'The man who thinks himself logically entitled to reject without hesitation every idea of religion must certainly be an *esprit faux*.'

'Whenever the human race attains excessive civilisation, it seems degraded during several generations. But it rises again from this transitory debasement, and renewing, so to speak, its march, with the discoveries which have meanwhile enriched it, it approaches to its highest perfection.'

'Landed property is the value of things; industry is that of men.'

'It is almost always by the aid of etymologies that bizarre, false, or exaggerated systems are introduced and defended by their founders.'

One of the most interesting, however, if not the most original, or the least incontrovertible, of the essays of M. B. Constant, exhibits the author in the two-fold character of man of letters and politician; and as the work before us has not appeared, and we presume is not likely to appear in an English version, we make no scruple of translating it at length:

### ON LITERATURE, AS AFFECTED BY LIBERTY.

'A singular fate awaits men who discover or establish truths, of what kind soever these may be. First of all, they are accused of being visionaries, madmen, or incendiaries; they are reproached with asserting doctrines which were never heard of before, and by so doing, threatening all existing things; a cry is raised against them as innovators, subverters, despisers of the wisdom of past ages. When, however, in spite of the artifices of the clamourers, the truths proclaimed have become triumphant, the language of their antagonists changes. The propounders of them are no longer innovators; they are plagiarists; that which they say has been said a hundred times before: the thought had already existed universally

in men's minds; they had merely arrogated the honour of the discovery.

'On reading, with attention, such of our writers as have devoted themselves to combat the ideas of liberty, the justice of these remarks is sufficiently obvious. During a term of thirty years, those writers persisted in calling the philosophers of the eighteenth century factious men, and appealed to the attachment to absolute power, evinced by the great men of the seventeenth century, as a proof of the excellence of that polity. Now, however, seeing their cause utterly ruined, they apply themselves to deprive our philosophers of the glory of being the first to make a stand against despotism, and they claim the priority in favour of the times of Louis XIV. All the principles of liberty they now insist are to be found in Mably, Bourdaloue, and even in Bossuet.

'Be they right or wrong in this assertion, what they say proves, at any rate, one important fact, namely, that the victory is on the side of the principles of liberty, and that henceforth all glory, be it ancient or modern, in order to endure, must be associated with those principles.

'For the rest, as I am desirous, above all things, of ascertaining the truth, and as I am, at the same time, well pleased, that in enumerating the defenders of a noble cause, men of great talents, of all periods, are to be found on the list, I willingly adopt the new system of the writers of whom I speak, and I consider myself to be doing an act in some degree useful, by supplying them with arguments and facts which may be adduced in support of their new system, but of which it would seem they have not thought, because they have not looked on the question, from a point of view sufficiently elevated. The horizon of party spirit is never extensive.

'In order that a writer may entertain notions of liberty, it is not indispensible that he should attach himself to particular forms of social organization, which may be considered, by different men favourable in different degrees to liberty. A certain phrase may prove that the writer of it could not be a friend to despotism, whatever might be his ideas on existing institutions. If he has not just notions concerning these establishments, it is only proof that he has not found the true road to liberty. He desires it, nevertheless; he is a friend to it; in the same manner, because a man is attached to a certain form of government, in appearance free, it does not follow that he is a friend to liberty. He might be inimical to it. Of this we have had many examples during the revolution.

'In proof of what I have above affirmed, I propose to refer to the literature of Rome.

'The literary splendour of the age of Augustus has often been attributed to the absolute government of that emperor, and this being assumed to be a demonstrated fact, attempts have been made to assign its cause. It has been maintained that no circumstances are more favourable to the progress and perfection of literature, properly so called, than the unlimited authority of one man. This form of government, it has been said, surrounds the possessor of power with an atmosphere of brilliancy; it encourages luxury, maintains internal tranquillity, stifles ambition, excites vanity, discourages political investigation, and thus obliges men who covet distinction, to seek it in the arts and in learning, and increase the number of aspirants after this sort of glory, by removing every other interest from those who are not subjected by their poverty to mechanical occupations, who are not entirely absorbed by their domestic affections, who are not incited by the desire of gain to commercial speculations, or who are not called by their rank to the exercise of some secondary portion of power. From this state of things, it is said, moreover, there results, in all who are raised above the class of the common people, an elegance in manner, a delicacy of taste, which are only acquired, or only develop

themselves in a state of calm. It is urged, as a further consequence, observable in the literary class especially, that whereas, in a country in which liberty reigns, and in which the bosoms of men are agitated by political passions, literary success is only the means of arriving at a more important end; it becomes itself the principal, or even the only object of literary men, who live under an absolute form of government. These men are the better able to cultivate the domain which is left to them, since they are entirely confined to it.

“To me, however, it seems, on the contrary, easy to prove that the principal productions of Roman literature, although many have appeared under a despotic reign, are indebted for their existence and their merit to the remains of liberty; for the progress of literature, however separated, some may desire to consider it from all connection with political ideas, always depends, not certainly on a liberty defined and guaranteed, but on a certain mental activity which is never a total stranger to the remembrance, the possession, the hope—in a word, the sentiment of liberty.

“This sentiment and the regret at not caring to manifest it are to be found in all the great writers of the age of Augustus. It is a misfortune that they should have associated it with the basest flattery. One of the evils of tyranny is that it forces talent to degrade itself. Nevertheless this sentiment of liberty existed in secret and suppressed, and it formed the principal beauty of the very works so disgraced by their taint of adulation.

“It here occurs to me to make a preliminary observation, that, with the exception of Horace, Ovid, and Virgil, all the men eminently distinguished in Roman literature, are anterior to the establishment of the power of Augustus, and that many of them were the enemies of that tyrant.

“Lucretius and Catullus died before the usurpation of Julius Caesar. Catullus, we know, detested that conqueror. Some of the epigrams which he composed against the tyrant are still extant; and Suetonius, who is to be regarded rather as the organ of general opinion than as a man judging for himself, says, that these epigrams were mortal blows to Caesar.

“Sallust was a traitor to the national cause; but he had already debased himself by shameful libertinage; and corruption, which in most men is the effect of slavery, was with him the cause of it. In counselling tyranny, he prostituted his talents it is true, but it was not to despotism that he owed the powers he prostituted.

“Cicero had composed most of his principal works not only before the establishment of the despotism of Octavius, but before the assassination of Julius.

“Caesar himself, who for his crimes against his country must ever be an object of detestation, was one of the most eloquent of orators, while his ‘Commentaries’ exhibit him to us as an elegant, a nervous, and an ingenious writer.

“Of eight or ten writers, therefore, whose works compose the literary treasures of the illustrious age referred to, five of the chief among them are claimed by the times of liberty.

“I have not spoken of Emilius nor of Lucilius, nor of Varro, of whose works fragments only remain; nor even of Terence, who died more than a century and a half before Caesar, and whose diction the purest and most elegant perhaps to be found in any ancient writer, bespeaks a literature arrived at a state of great perfection. When it is considered that an interval of only twenty-eight years separates Terence from Plautus, whose grossness is barely excused by his comic powers, the progress of Roman literature cannot be questioned; and the illustrious protection afforded by Lelius and Scipio to the African slave proves that this progress was not a matter of indifference to those most exalted in rank among the Romans.

“Roman literature then, in order to rise to a high degree of merit, stood in no need of what has been called the protection of absolute power. The impulse had been felt generally, and taste was daily becoming more pure. If we find some coarse expressions in Sallust and Lucretius, we seek in vain for any such in Cicero, in Caesar, or even in Catullus, unless it be when he wilfully indulges in obscenity, as a voluntary mental debauch, and we must distinguish between what belongs to the literature of an age, and what is only a passing aberration, a condemnable but momentary amusement in a particular writer. Horace,

in the reign of Augustus, is more indecent than Catullus; but would it be fair to infer from the license of Voltaire in the ‘Guerre de Genève,’ a want of delicacy in the French literature at the period at which that work was written. At Rome, letters had arrived at that point in which taste advances with certain steps towards its purification. The flexibility of spirit, the refinement in manners, the happiness in the allusions, the propriety in the choice of terms, which form the perfection of art, and which are ascribed to the absence of political interests, and to the protection of despots, time would have achieved for the literary men of Rome, without the fatal aid of that degrading protection. In Cicero we admire that perfection already existing independent of this patronage. Let us examine if the rulers of Rome performed the office better than time would have done.

“I have before remarked, that of the great Roman writers, three only belong really to the age of Augustus. I allude to Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. The two first, at one time the enemies of Augustus, became afterwards objects of his protection, the third was his victim.

“I shall not stop to draw the character of the last, for one reason, because he is very inferior to the other two; and for another, because my object is merely to throw out a few ideas on the subject; but I promise myself to be able to prove that Horace and Virgil, far from being indebted for the perfection of their talents to despotism, were constantly turning towards liberty with thoughts of regret or desire, and that these desires and regrets, the expression of which escaped them in spite of themselves, constitute all that is most beautiful, most profound, and most exalted in their works.

“Horace, we all know, had fought under Brutus; he had been military tribune under that last defender of Roman liberty; and since, although the son of a freedman, he had obtained that dignity, so far above the birth of one,

“Quem roduunt omnes libertino patre natum  
Nunc quia sum tibi, Mæcenas, convictor, at olim  
Quod mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno?”

it is probable that he had distinguished himself under the standards of the Republic before the battle of Philippi. He threw away his buckler, he tells us, and took to flight in that battle:

“Relictâ non bene parmula;”

and from this expression of a vanquished man turned poet, it has been hastily concluded that he applauded his own cowardice, and that he had witnessed without regret the ruin of the cause which he served. But do we know to what degree he thought himself obliged to exaggerate the shame of his defeat, and the excess of his terror? Despotism condemns men to disguise their virtues, as governments really free oblige them to conceal their vices. Horace elsewhere says, that zeal in his country’s cause had induced him to quit the delightful sojourn of Athens, to squander his fortune, and risk his life:

“Dura sed emovère loco me tempora grato,  
Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,  
Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis;  
Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,  
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paternam  
Et laris et fundi.”

“Poor, proscribed, and fugitive, he returned to Rome, and yielding, together with the universe, he bowed down to Octavius, and became a suitor for the patronage of Mæcenas. But in the midst of this same resignation, no where, it must be owned, is Horace to be found insulting the party which he had defended; no where is he to be found disclaiming it. He flatters Augustus, it is true, as the vanquisher of the enemies of the Roman name however, and in no instance as the destroyer of liberty. He celebrates the victory of Augustus over Anthony, his competitor for the tyranny, but he is silent on those which he gained over Brutus. He does better even than this. All that under a hypocritical and suspicious usurper it was possible to say in honour of the supporters of liberty, he has introduced in his odes. Twice does he sing the glory and the death of Cato, and those two passages are among the most sublime of all his poetry.

“If we pass from the public to the private life of Horace we perceive in him a man whose personal safety was in jeopardy, and who sought to obtain security by rendering himself agreeable to those in power; disappointed in the

civic hopes of his youth, he had recourse to pleasure, as the only means of dissipating the cares of a life not animated by liberty. If we read him with attention, we shall not fail to find that whenever his subject carries him back to the recollections which he avoids, certain involuntary transports inspire him to anathematise the very tyranny to which he bows. In one place, he represents the just man unshaken by the menaces of the tyrant; in another, in an ode to Fortune, in favour of Augustus, he is carried away, in spite of himself, to describe tyrants clothed in purple, apprehensive that Fortune should kick down their standing column, that the assembled multitude should from all sides cry to arms, and shiver their sceptre.

“Purpurei metuunt tyranni,  
Injuriæ ne pede prorsus  
Stantem columnam, neu populus frequens  
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma  
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.”

“I have certainly no desire to represent Horace as an enthusiast in the cause of liberty; I purpose merely to show that the recollections of freedom were neither foreign to his mind nor unavailing to his talents; that his genius probably would never have risen so high, if in his youth he had been familiar only with notions of submission, and the practice of obedience; that to the companion of Brutus, the courtier of Mæcenas was indebted for a portion of the pomp of his expressions, and the sublimity of his thoughts; and that we form a false notion of Horace by picturing him to ourselves as one brought up fashioned and formed under a despotic government.

“Virgil does not share with Horace the honour of having been the armed opponent of tyranny; but he partook at least that of having been its victim. He was driven from his paternal fields by the satellites of Octavius. His poems, as well as in those of Horace, are in the language of flattery to the tyrant: but in them also, are to be found the praises of the martyrs of liberty. It is Cato whom he chooses from among all the heroes who had existed before his time, to give laws to the just in Elysium. Let us pity, rather than blame him too severely, for that he dared not name Cicero. Who is there amongst ourselves who in moments of turbulence, has not been silent where he ought to have spoken? And Virgil, while praising the orators of Greece, felt assured that all that remained of Romans in Rome thought of the great citizen whom he had interdicted himself from naming.

“Thus then, in the midst of all the prosperity that can attend a state of servitude, we behold Horace seeking consolation in the philosophy of Epicurus, in freedom from care, and in the pleasures of the senses; we see Virgil abandoning himself to an habitual melancholy; both fled the court, and sighed only for retirement. Surely if the encouragement of those invested with authority, if the protection of the depositaries of absolute power, are advantages the most esteemed by those who cultivate letters and the arts, it is strange that the two greatest poets of the age of Augustus, laden with his bounties, should have constantly felt the desire of avoiding him. I may be deceived, but the examination of their conduct tempts me to conclude, that all the benefits conferred by power, benefits so vaunted by inferior minds, are to true genius, rather a necessity to which it submits, than a prosperity which it desires. If then, we withdraw from the good times of Roman literature, Lucretius, Sallust, Caesar, Cicero, and Catullus, and are obliged to own that Horace and Virgil had not been formed by Augustus, but had submitted to his yoke, after having attempted to flee from it, and to resist it, what proofs remain of the efficacy of despotism in encouraging talent?

“If we descend to later times, and trace this Roman literature after the age of Augustus, what do we perceive? A decline which is remarkable for two things—for the debasement into which the mass of common minds was thrown by slavery, and for the irritation into which the same slavery cast the small number of profound and exalted minds. In all the authors deserving of any respect, who wrote under the emperors, there is perceivable a certain something stiff, emphatic, and exaggerated, the consequence of the constraint under which they lay, and of the pain of an indignation constantly suppressed. Men who have lived under the dominion of tyranny without becoming themselves totally degraded, know that their very life itself is burdensome. The air which they breathe appears heavy to them; the breast heaves labor-



ously; a mountain-weight oppresses the heart. Read Lucan, Seneca, Persius, Juvenal; if in this decline of literature you seek the source of the beauties which are yet to be found in these authors, you will find it in the stoicism to which the love of liberty had retreated. Volleius Paterculus, the wretched flatterer of Sejanus, who probably paid the forfeit of his baseness at the same moment that his patron expiated his crimes, becomes animated as he praises Cicero; and hatred of tyrants furnishes a trait or two of sublimity, even to Suetonius. Under Trajan the Romans again have a country, and the spirit of liberty is once more awakened; and Quintillian and Tacitus shine forth. With the appearance of liberty literature again raises her head. Nevertheless, Tacitus betrays the effects of the despotism which had preceded him; admirable author as he is, still is he far from displaying that purity of taste which distinguishes the writers of the age of Augustus. Liberty once more perishes, and literature expires with Pliny the younger."

### THE BORDERERS.

*The Borderers: a Tale. By the Author of 'The Spy,' 'The Red Rover,' 'The Prairie,' &c. &c. &c.* 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley. London, 1829.

We shall reserve our criticism of the 'Borderers' until our ensuing number, and content ourselves for the present with making an extract which affords by no means an unfavourable specimen of the new novel.

To render the following passage intelligible however, it will be necessary to premise that at the time when the incident which it relates is supposed to have taken place, an united body of American Indians of the tribes of Wampanoag and Narragansett had surprised the border settlement of Wish-ton-Wish, and having driven the mass of the inhabitants to their citadel, had remained masters of the field with the principal and governing family of the settlement their prisoners. The invaders were led on this occasion by Conanchet, the young chief of the Narragansetts and by Metacom, or Philip the head of the Wampanoags. The former, some ten years before, then a lad of fifteen, had fallen into the hands of the pale-faced family, and had remained some months a captive with them. He had escaped on occasion of an attack made by his tribe on the then solitary possession of the Heathcotes, the family above mentioned, and had saved from the destruction which the Indians imagined had overwhelmed all the rest of the establishment, a female child then about ten years of age. The affectionate mother had never ceased to bewail the loss of her daughter, nor had she ever abandoned the hope of recovering her. The groups which are supposed to be present in the following scene, which is the scite of the former residence demolished by the Indians, are the family of the Heathcotes, grandsire, father, and mother, and other branches of the two Indian chiefs and the lost daughter.

The younger chief, on recognising in the prisoners the family with whom he formerly resided, and whose daughter he had made his wife, was desirous, for their sakes, of sparing the settlement and saving it from the destruction to which it had been devoted by the fury of the natives. This determination was the subject of a long communing between the two chiefs, Metacom lending but a dull ear to the persuasions of his more youthful brother, as will be gathered from the concluding portion of the colloquy with which the following extract commences:

"The Sachem hath a very bloody mind," returned the young chief, quicker than was common for men of his station. "Let the arms of the warriors rest, till they meet the armed hands of the Yengeese, or they will be too tired to strike heavily. My young men have taken scalps, since the sun came over the trees, and they are satisfied—Why does Metacom look so hard? What does my father see?"

"A dark spot in the middle of a wide plain. The grass is not green; it is red as blood. It is too dark for

the blood of a pale-face, it is the rich blood of a great warrior. The rains cannot wash it out; it grows darker every sun. The snows do not whiten it; it hath been there many winters. The birds scream as they fly over it; the wolf howls; the lizards creep another way."

"Thine eyes are getting old; fire hath blackened the place, and what thou seest is coal."

"The fire was kindled in a well; it did not burn bright. What I see, is blood."

"Wompanoag," rejoined Conanchet, fiercely, "I have scorched the spot with the lodges of the Yengeese. The grave of my father is covered with scalps taken by the hand of his son. Why does Metacom look again? What does the chief see?"

"An Indian town burning in the midst of the snow. The young men struck from behind; the girls screaming; the children broiling on coals, and the old men dying like dogs! It is the village of the cowardly Pequots—No, I see better; the Yengeese are in the country of the great Narragansett, and the brave Sachem is there, fighting! I shut my eyes, for smoke blinds them!"

Conanchet heard this allusion to the recent and deplorable fate of the principal establishment of his tribe, in sullen silence; for the desire of revenge, which had been so fearfully awakened, seemed now to be slumbering, if it were not entirely quelled, by the agency of some mysterious and potent feeling. He rolled his eyes gloomily from the apparently abstracted countenance of his artful companion, to those of the captives, whose fate only awaited his judgment, since the band which had that morning broken in upon the Wish-Ton-Wish, was, with but few exceptions, composed of the surviving warriors of his own powerful nation. But, while his look was displeased, faculties that were schooled so highly could not easily be mistaken in what passed, even in the most cursory manner before his sight.

"What sees my father next?" he asked with an interest he could not control, detecting another change in the features of Metacom.

"One who is neither white nor red. A young woman that boundeth like a skipping fawn; who hath lived in a wigwam, doing nothing; who speaks with two tongues; who holds her hands before the eyes of a great warrior, till he is blind as the owl in the sun—I see her!"

Metacom paused, for at that moment a being that singularly resembled this description appeared before him, offering the reality of the imaginary picture he was drawing with so much irony and art.

The movement of the timid hare is scarce more hurried, or more undecided, than that of the creature who now suddenly presented herself to the warriors. It was apparent, by the hesitating and half retreating step, that succeeded the light bound with which she came in view, that she dreaded to advance, while she knew not how far it might be proper to retire. For the first moment, she stood in a suspended and doubting posture, such as one might suppose a creature of mist would assume ere it vanished, and then meeting the eye of Conanchet, the up-lifted foot retouched the earth, and her whole form sunk into the modest and shrinking attitude of an Indian girl, who stood in the presence of a Sachem of her tribe. As this female is to enact no mean part in that which follows, the reader may be thankful for a more minute description of her person.

The age of the stranger was under twenty. In form she rose above the usual stature of an Indian maid, though the proportions of her person were as light and buoyant, as at all comported with the fulness that properly belonged to her years. The limbs, seen below the folds of a short kirtle of bright scarlet cloth, were just and tapering, even to the nicest proportions of classic beauty; and never did foot of higher instep, and softer roundness, grace a feathered moccasine. Though the person, from the neck to the knees, was hid by a tightly fitting vest of calico and the short kirtle named, enough of the shape was visible to betray outlines that had never been injured, either by the mistaken devices of art, or by the baneful effects of toil. The skin was only visible at the hands, face, and neck. Its lustre having been a little dimmed by exposure, a rich rasy tint had usurped the natural brightness of a complexion that had once been fair, even to brilliancy. The eye was full, sweet, and of a blue, that emulated the sky of evening; the brows soft and arched; the nose, straight,

delicate, and slightly Grecian, the forehead fuller than that which properly belonged to a girl of the Narragansetts, but regular, delicate, and polished; and the hair, instead of dropping in long straight tresses of jet black, broke out of the restraints of a band of beaded wampum, in ringlets of golden yellow.

The peculiarities that distinguished this female from the others of her tribe, were not confined alone to the indelible marks of nature. Her step was more elastic; her gait more erect and graceful; her foot less inwardly inclined, and her whole movements freer and more decided than those of a race doomed, from infancy, to subjection and labour. Though ornamented by some of the prized inventions of the hated race to which she evidently owed her birth, she had the wild and timid look of those with whom she had grown into womanhood. Her beauty would have been remarkable in any region of the earth, while the play of muscle, the ingenious beaming of the eye, and the freedom of limb and action, were such as seldom pass beyond the years of childhood, among people who, in attempting to improve, so often mar the works of Nature.

Although the colour of the eye was so very different from that which generally belongs to one of Indian origin, the manner of its quick and searching glance, and of the half alarmed and yet understanding look with which this extraordinary creature made herself mistress of the more general character of the assemblage before which she had been summoned, was like the half instinctive knowledge of one accustomed to the constant and keenest exercise of her faculties. Pointing with a finger towards Whittal Ring, who stood a little in the back ground, a low, sweet voice was heard asking, in the language of the Indians,—

"Why has Conanchet sent for his woman from the woods?"

The young Sachem made no reply; an ordinary spectator could not have detected about him even a consciousness of the speaker's presence. On the contrary, he maintained the lofty reserve of a chief engaged in affairs of moment. However deeply his thoughts might have been troubled, it was not easy to trace any evidence of the state of his mind, in the calmness of features that appeared habitually immovable. For a single treacherous instant only, was a glance of kindness shot towards the timid and attentive girl, and then throwing the still bloody tomahawk into the hollow of one arm, while the hand of the other firmly grasped its handle, he remained unchanged in feature, as he was rigid in limb. Not so with Philip. When the intruder first appeared, a dark and lowering gleam of discontent gathered at his brow. It quickly changed to a look of sarcastic and biting scorn.

"Does my brother again wish to know what I see?" he demanded, when sufficient time had passed, after the unanswered question of the female, to show that his companion was not disposed to answer.

"What does the Sachem of the Wompanoags now behold?" returned Conanchet, proudly; unwilling to show that any circumstance had occurred to interrupt the subject of their conference.

"A sight that his eyes will not believe. He sees a great tribe on the war-path. There are many braves, and a chief whose fathers came from the clouds. Their hands are in the air; they strike heavy blows; the arrow is swift and the bullet is not seen to enter, but it kills. Blood runs from the wounds that is of the colour of water. Now he does see, but he hears! 'Tis the scalp whoop, and the warriors are very glad. The chiefs in the happy hunting grounds are coming, with joy, to meet Indians that are killed; for they know the scalp-whoop of their children."

The expressive countenance of the young Sachem involuntarily responded to this description of the scene through which he had just passed, and it was impossible for one so tutored, to prevent the blood from rushing faster to a heart that ever beat strongly with the wishes of a warrior.

"What sees my father next?" he asked, triumphantly stealing into the tones of his voice.

"A messenger; and then he hears—the moccasins of squaws!"

"Enough;—Metacom, the women of the Narragansetts have no lodges. Their villages are in coals, and they follow the young men for food."

"I see no deer. The hunter will not find venison in a clearing of the pale-faces. But the corn is full of milk; Conanchet is very hungry, he hath sent for his woman that he may eat!"

The fingers of that hand which grasped the handle of the tomahawk, appeared to bury themselves in the wood; the glittering axe itself was slightly raised; but the fierce gleaming of resentment subsided, as the anger of the young Sachem vanished, and a dignified calm again settled on his countenance.

"Go Wompanoag," he said, waving a hand proudly, as if determined to be no longer harassed by the language of his wily associate. "My young men will raise the whoop, when they hear my voice; and they will kill deer for their women. Sachem, my mind is my own."

Philip answered to the look which accompanied these words, with one that threatened vengeance; but smothering his anger with his accustomed wisdom, he left the hill, assuming an air that affected more of commiseration than of resentment.

"Why has Conanchet sent for a woman from the woods?" repeated the same soft voice nearer to the elbow of the young Sachem, and which spoke with less of the timidity of the sex, now that the troubled spirit of the Indians of those regions had disappeared.

"Narra-mattah, come near," returned the young chief, changing the deep and proud tones in which he had addressed his restless and bold companion in arms, to those which better suited the gentle ear for which his words were intended. "Fear not, daughter of the Morning, for those around us are of a race used to see women at the council fires. Now look with an open eye; is there any thing among these trees that seemeth like an ancient tradition? Hast ever beheld such a valley in thy dreams? Have yonder pale-faces, whom the tomahawks of my young men spared, been led before thee by the Great Spirit in the dark night?"

The female listened in deep attention. Her gaze was wild and uncertain, and yet it was not absolutely without gleamings of a half-reviving intelligence. Until that moment, she had been too much occupied in conjecturing the subject of her visit, to regard the natural objects by which she was surrounded; but with her attention thus directly turned upon them, her organs of sight embraced each and all with the discrimination that is so remarkable in those whose faculties are quickened by danger and necessity. Passing from side to side, her swift glances run over the distant hamlet with its little fort; the buildings in the near grounds; the soft and verdant fields; the fragrant orchard, beneath whose leafy shades she stood, and the blackened tower, that rose in its centre, like some gloomy memorial, placed there to remind the spectator not to trust too fondly to the signs of peace and loveliness that reigned around. Shaking back the ringlets that had blown about her temples, the wondering female returned thoughtfully and in silence to her place.

"'Tis a village of the Yengeese!" she said, after a long and expressive pause. "A Narragansett woman does not love to look at the lodges of the hated race."

"Listen.—Lies have never entered the ears of Narra-mattah. My tongue hath spoken like the tongue of a chief. Thou didst not come of the sumach, but of the snow. This hand of thine is not like the hands of the women of my tribe; it is little, for the Great Spirit did not make it for work; it is of the colour of the sky in the morning, for thy fathers were born near the place where the sun rises. Thy blood is like spring water. All this thou knowest, for none have spoken false in thy ear. Speak; dost thou never see the wigwam of thy father? Does not his voice whisper to thee in the language of his people?"

The female stood in the attitude which a sybil might be supposed to assume, while listening to the occult mandates of the mysterious oracle, every faculty entranced and attentive.

"Why does Conanchet ask these questions of his wife? He knows what she knows; he sees what she sees; his mind is her mind. If the Great Spirit made her skin of a different colour, he made her heart the same. Narra-mattah will not listen to the lying language; she shuts her ears, for there is deceit in its sounds. She tries to forget it. One tongue can say all she wishes to speak to Conanchet; why should she look back in dreams, when a great chief is her husband?"

The eye of the warrior, as he looked upon the ingenious and confiding face of the speaker, was kind to fondness. The firmness had passed away, and in its place was left the winning softness of affection, which, as it belongs to nature, is seen at times in the expression of an Indian's eye, as strongly as it is ever known to sweeten the intercourse of a more polished condition of life.

"Girl," he said, with emphasis, after a moment of thought, as if he would recal her and himself to more important duties, "this is a war path; all on it are men. Thou wast like the pigeon before its wing opens, when I brought thee from the nest; still the winds of many winters had blown upon thee. Dost never think of the warmth, and of the food of the lodge, in which thou hast passed so many seasons?"

"The wigwam of Conanchet is warm; no woman of the tribe hath as many furs as Narra-mattah."

"He is a great hunter! when they hear his moccasins the beavers lie down to be killed! But the men of the pale-faces hold the plough. Does not the 'driven snow' think of those who fenced the wigwam of her father from the cold, or of the manner in which the Yengeese live?"

His youthful and attentive wife seemed to reflect; but raising her face with an expression of content that could not be counterfeited, she shook her head in the negative.

"Does she never see a fire kindled among the lodges, or hear the whoops of warriors, as they break into a settlement?"

"Many fires have been kindled before her eyes. The ashes of the Narragansett town are not yet cold."

"Does not Narra-mattah hear her father speaking to the God of the Yengeese? Listen, he is asking favour for his child!"

"The Great Spirit of the Narragansett has ears for his people."

"But I hear a softer voice! 'Tis a woman of the pale-faces among her children; cannot the daughter hear?"

"Narra-mattah, or 'the driven snow,' laid her hand lightly on the arm of the chief, and she looked wistfully and long into his face without an answer. The gaze seemed to deprecate the anger that might be awakened by what she was about to reveal.

"Chief of my people," she said, encouraged by his still calm and gentle brow to proceed, "what a girl of the clearings sees in her dreams, shall not be hid. It is not the lodges of her race, for the wigwam of her husband is warmer. It is not the food and clothes of a cunning people, for who is richer than the wife of a great chief! It is not her fathers speaking to their Spirit, for there is none stronger than Manitou. Narra-mattah has forgotten all; she does not wish to think of things like these. She knows how to hate a hungry and craving race. But she sees one that the wives of the Narragansetts do not see. She sees a woman with a white skin; her eye looks softly on her child in her dreams; it is not an eye, it is a tongue! It says, what does the wife of Conanchet wish?—Is she cold? here are furs—Is she hungry? here is venison—Is she tired? the arms of the pale woman open, that an Indian girl may sleep. When there is silence in the lodges, when Conanchet and his young men lie down, then does this pale woman speak. Sachem, she does not talk of the battles of her people, nor of the scalps that her warriors have taken, nor of the manner in which the Pequots and Mohicans fear her tribe. She does not tell how a young Narragansett should obey her husband, nor how the women must keep food in the lodges for the hunters that are wearied; her tongue useth strange words. It names a mighty and just Spirit; it telleth of peace and not of war; it soundeth as one talking from the clouds; it is like the falling of the water among rocks. Narra-mattah loves to listen, for the words seem to her like the Wish-Ton-Wish, when he whistles in the woods."

Conanchet had fastened a look of deep and affectionate interest on the wild and sweet countenance of the being who stood before him. She had spoken in that attitude of earnest and natural eloquence, that no art can equal; and when she ceased, he laid a hand in kind but melancholy fondness, on the half inclined and motionless head, as he answered—

"This is the bird of night singing to its young! The Great Spirit of thy fathers is angry that thou livest in the lodge of a Narragansett. His sight is too cunning

to be cheated. He knows that the moccasin, and the wampun, and the robe of fur are liars; he sees the colour of the skin beneath."

"Conanchet, no," returned the female, hurriedly, and with a decision her timidity did not give reason to expect. "He seeth farther than the skin, and knoweth the colour of the mind. He hath forgotten that one of his girls is missing."

"It is not so. The eagle of my people was taken into the lodges of the pale-faces. He was young, and they taught him to sing with another tongue. The colours of his feathers were changed, and they thought to cheat the Manitou. But when the door was open, he spread his wings and flew back to his nest. It is not so. What hath been done is good, and what will be done is better. Come; there is a straight path before us."

Thus saying, Conanchet motioned to his wife to follow towards the group of captives. The foregoing dialogue had occurred in a place where the two parties were partially concealed from each other by the ruin; but as the distance was so trifling, the Sachem and his companion were soon confronted with those he sought. Leaving his wife a little without the circle, Conanchet advanced, and taking the unresisting and half unconscious Ruth by the arm, he led her forward. He placed the two females in attitudes where each might look the other full in the face. Strong emotion struggled in a countenance which, in spite of its fierce mask of war paint, could not entirely conceal its workings.

"See," he said in English, looking earnestly from one to the other, "the good Spirit is not ashamed of his work. What he hath done, he hath done; Narragansett nor Yengeese can alter it. This is the white bird that came from the sea," he added, touching the shoulder of Ruth lightly with a finger, "and this the young that she warmed under her wing."

Then folding his arms on his naked breast, he appeared to summon his energy, lest, in the scene that he knew must follow, his manhood might be betrayed into some act unworthy of his name.

The captives were necessarily ignorant of the meaning of the scene which they had just witnessed. So many strange and savage-looking forms were constantly passing and repassing before their eyes, that the arrival of one more or less was not likely to be noted. Until she heard Conanchet speak in her native tongue, Ruth\* had lent no attention to the interview between him and his wife. But the figurative language, and no less remarkable action of the Narragansett, had the effect to arouse her suddenly, and in the most exciting manner, from her melancholy.

No child of tender age ever unexpectedly came before the eyes of Ruth Heathcote without painfully recalling the image of the cherub she had lost. The playful voice of infancy never surprised her ear, without the sound conveying a pang to the heart; nor could allusion, ever so remote, be made to persons or events that bore resemblance to the sad incidents of her own life, without quickening the never dying pulses of maternal love. No wonder, then, when she found herself in the situation, and under the circumstances described, that nature grew strong within her, and that her mind caught glimpses, however dim and indistinct they might be, of a truth that the reader has already anticipated. Still a certain and intelligible clue was wanting. Fancy had ever painted her child in the innocence and infancy in which it had been torn from her arms; and here, while there was so much to correspond with reasonable expectation, there was little to answer to the long and fondly-cherished picture. The delusion, if so holy and natural a feeling may thus be termed, had been too deeply seated to be dispossessed at a glance. Gazing long, earnestly, and with features that varied with every changing feeling, she held the stranger at the length of her two arms, alike unwilling to release her hold, or to admit her closer to a heart which might rightfully be the property of another.

"Who art thou?" demanded the mother, in a voice that was tremulous with the emotions of that sacred character. "Speak, mysterious and lovely being; who art thou?"

Narra-mattah had turned a terrified and imploring look at the immovable and calm form of the chief, as if she sought protection from him at whose hands she had

\* The mother.



been accustomed to receive it. But a different sensation took possession of her mind when she heard sounds which had too often soothed the ear of infancy ever to be forgotten. Struggling ceased, and her pliant form assumed the attitude of intense and entranced attention. Her head was bent aside, as if the ear were eager to drink in a repetition of the tones, while her bewildered and delighted eye still sought the countenance of her husband.

"Vision of the woods, wilt thou not answer?" continued Ruth. "If there is reverence for the Holy One of Israel in thine heart, answer, that I may know thee!"

"Hist, Conanchet!" murmured the wife, over whose features the glow of pleased and wild surprise continued to deepen. "Come nearer, Sachem; the spirit that talketh to Narra-mattah in her dreams is nigh."

"Woman of the Yengese!" said the husband, advancing with dignity to the spot, "let the clouds blow from thy sight. Wife of a Narragansett, see clearly. The Manitou of your race speaks strong. He telleth a mother to know her child."

Ruth could hesitate no longer; neither sound nor exclamation escaped her, but, as she strained the yielding frame of her recovered daughter to her heart, it appeared as if she strove to incorporate the two bodies into one. A cry of pleasure and astonishment drew all around her. Then came the evidence of the power of nature, when strongly awakened. Age and youth alike acknowledged its potency, and recent alarms were overlooked, in the pure joy of such a moment. The spirit of even the lofty minded Conanchet was shaken. Raising the hand at whose wrist still hung the bloody tomahawk, he veiled his face, and, turning aside, that none might see the weakness of so great a warrior, he wept.—Pp. 107—132.

#### ARCHITECTURE.

*History of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture.*  
By J. S. Memes, LL.D. *Constable's Miscellany*,  
No. XXXV. 18mo. pp. 342. Constable and  
Co. Edinburgh, 1829.

THE state of debasement in which the present taste in architecture lies, arises principally from the utter contempt displayed by the most encouraged of its professors for the principles of their art. In modern practice, and we do not confine the observation to this country alone,—although here, and in the metropolis more especially, the abuse perhaps is carried to a greater excess than in any country on the face of God's earth, caprice is the only guide which architects ever dream of following. They even seem totally ignorant that there really exist any principles of ornamental architecture. The inculcation of them, or even the hint of the necessity of ascertaining and reflecting on them, has never formed a part of their professional education. Such portion of five or seven tedious years of an apprenticeship to some superannuated disciple of things as they were half a century back, as are not occupied in learning to apply the knowledge of arithmetic acquired at school to the under-valuing at a guess, (just to such a degree as shall not frighten a patron from a building mania,) certain superficies and squares and cubes of brick and mortar, of carpentering and painting, are employed in measuring old buildings which their governors and governors' governors measured before them, or in copying views and elevations and details, heirlooms to be found in every office, and which have been copied by generation after generation. The would-be Ictinus thus knowing by rote, if not by feeling, all the beautiful specimens of every style and order, makes his tour, and in the course of it again sketches and admeasures, and takes casts of the originals, drawings from which from his earliest initiation he has been accustomed to copy; and having gone through this necessary process, he returns the accomplished architect, his mind as complete a blank as to the true spirit and feeling of the objects of his study as if no ancient monument remained to enlighten him. And then what is his task? He is introduced to the favour of a patron, and gets a building to execute; he consults his teeming portfolio; he ransacks his ingenuity to lug in head and shoulders some favourite order or members which his caprice, or his taste it

may be, since a thing may be really perfect and fine in itself, yet be rendered absurd by an ill selected situation, has chosen for an object of enthusiasm. It rarely if ever enters his head to consider the purpose for which a building is intended, what exterior character would be most consonant with that purpose, or indicative of it, much less what description of ornament would naturally and without effort or labour result from the circumstances and arrangement of the building itself. No, he has ornamental specimens sufficient ready at hand, and why give himself the trouble of reflecting or inventing new ones? He has never dreamt that these objects of his admiration had a particular origin in circumstances and situation, and that, applied as they were originally, they had a reason and propriety and were consonant with the principles of the art, and that they may be misapplied, and being so misapplied, that every sound precept of the art may be transgressed by their use. It has never even occurred to him that reason, or judgment, had any thing to do in the matter. If an architect, for instance, should meditate on what a single story, or an attic in a dwelling signified, would he be guilty of the absurdity of giving to it the external appearance of an entire house? If he considered for a moment the nature of a house, would he pile house on house-top, like mountebank above mountebank, on the shoulders the one of the other? If he had ever studied the meaning of a cornice, and of its different constituent parts, would he stick two or three such architectural members entire in the front of one house? If he could see the various sources whence a Greek portico derives its unequalled dignity and majesty, and the necessity of the concurrence of all those sources in order to the preservation of its character, would he consent, in adopting it, to deprive it of those qualities by oppressing it with the neighbourhood of a lofty bell-tower, much less by placing such an overloading burden over the apex of its pediment? The attempt at the picturesque is sufficiently laudable under some circumstances, and is often the very essence of the effects of architectural combinations; but putting aside the consideration that this effect should be, or appear to be, the result rather of accident than study, it may be, at any rate, laid down as a rule, that it is to be sought in obedience, not in opposition to the principles of the art. If it be otherwise, the first impression stamped by it on the mind, will be that of the absurdity of the combinations; and the shock thus given to the judgment is too great to allow the secondary effect of the picturesque to be of much avail. And the works of the ancients, which are studied and copied so much, and so deservedly were it but done with open eyes,—why the very essence of their beauty depended on their reason, on their propriety! If we are not to be believed, hear what a learned author of a recently published treatise on architecture says on the subject:

"There are three grand causes of structure and form in architecture,—three leading principles, which not only originated the primal elements of design, but which, to a great degree, have governed all the subsequent combinations of these. This influence also extends not merely to the essentials of stability, equilibrium, and strength, but, as will afterwards appear, has suggested the system of ornament. These master dispositions, which it thus becomes necessary to bear along with the commencement, are, first, the purpose—secondly, the material of architecture—and thirdly, the climate.

"The purpose for which any building was erected, or the uses which it was contemplated to serve, would necessarily determine the magnitude, and, to a certain extent, the form. Again, these considerations would suggest the most appropriate means of accomplishing the requisite ends, which, once accomplished, would constitute permanent distinctions.

"The materials, again, employed in architecture, have influenced most decidedly its forms and character. This has been the case, not only in the peculiar styles which have separately been adopted in different countries, but in the general and essential principles of the science. The materials of which buildings, in all ages, have been chiefly constructed, are stone, wood, and facitious sub-

stances, as tiles and bricks. The first adopting of these materials, and, of course, the style of building, must have been recommended by the resources of the country. The law, however, which determines their arrangement is universal, arising from exigencies over which taste, and even ingenuity, exert limited control. This evidently arises from the nature of the question; for, since a mass of stone is heavier in all, and weaker in most positions, than timber of equal dimensions, the whole congeries of supporting and supported members—that is, the whole system of architecture will be affected as the one or the other material is employed. Thus, in wooden erections, the supporting members may be much fewer and less massive than in structures of stone; because, in the former, the horizontal or supported parts are both lighter, and will carry an incumbent weight—as a roof—over a much wider interval than in the latter. It is apparent, also, even for the ordinary purposes of stability, that, in constructing edifices of stone, whether of the perpendicular or horizontal members, the dimensions would be greater than in elevations of wood; and in the case of columnar structures, that the altitude, in proportion to the diameter, would be far less in stone than in timber supports. Hence, the two grand characteristics of a massive or solemn, and a light or airy, architecture. Hence, also, when genius and taste had begun to consider the arrangements of necessity and use in the relations of effect and beauty, new combinations would be attempted, which approached to one or other of these leading divisions. It must, however, be obvious, that the field of these experiments is narrowed by the very principles on which they would be first suggested. In the art we are now considering, the human agent has less power over the inertness of matter than in any other. Imagination comes in contact with reality at every step, and the laws of nature impress the boundaries of that reality, not at the risk of absurdity, but of very being. Beauty becomes here, not the creation of fantasy—a something pleasing only as it reflects our association, or harmonizes with our feelings; but is more especially the creation of science—the object of demonstrative wisdom. Hence, perfect architectural beauty is the most sublime and the most rational of the objects of taste; because, while the susceptibilities of mind are awakened, the powers of judgment are gratified, by the certainty with which the sources of pleasure can be traced. We feel the arrangement to be beautiful; we know that it is necessary. Hence, also, the perfect modes—the true combinations of the art—are few; the error in departing from them great.

"These refined perceptions do not indeed pertain to the period now contemplated; but the facility with which they can be connected with the first practice of the art, evinces how deeply rooted are the real and substantial precepts of architectural design. The leading views, also, in regard to the influence of material upon form proportion, and distribution of parts, are supported by early history.

"In Egypt, a country destitute of wood, the most ancient erections were in imitation of the natural caves in which the rude inhabitant had sought a wretched shelter. In a later age, yet one which far transcends the authentic researches of history, were reared those mysterious edifices, still standing as landmarks between known and unknown time. In the ponderous members of these solemn piles, the narrowness of the intervals, the crowded pillars, the massive base, and the lessened perpendicular, is found every principle previously assumed as characteristic of that architecture, which would be governed by necessity before the sensation of beauty had been felt, or at least methodized. Here, also, appears the first species of architectural design. Again, in that region of Asia, already noticed as the scene of the earliest recorded labours of the art, wood was abundant. From the description of Holy Writ we accordingly find, that this material was much employed even in their most sacred and important buildings. Thus, though few details capable of giving any just architectural notions, are preserved of Solomon's Temple, it is yet plain, that cedar wood was the chief material both for roofs and columns, that is, both for supported and suppoing members. Hence, the temples of Palestine, and of Syria generally, by which we understand the Asia of the Old Testament, already described, were more spacious, but less durable, than those of Egypt, and with fewer upright supports. Of this, a singularly

striking proof occurs in the catastrophe of the House of Dagon, when Samson, by overturning only two columns, brought down the whole fabric.

“In an edifice constructed on the plan of the Egyptian Temple, where pillar stands crowded behind pillar, in range beyond range, to give support to the ponderous architrave and marble roof, the overturning of two of these columns would produce but a very partial disintegration. The very circumstance, also, of there being no remains in a country where once stood the most renowned cities, proves the perishable nature of the substance chiefly employed. There is evidence, also, that stone and wood were often, perhaps usually, combined—the first as a columnar or pier-like support, for horizontal beams of the latter. This plainly appears to have been the case in the oldest ruin existing in this part of the world, namely, Persepolis, where the marble columns evidently bear marks of having been connected by cross beams of wood, and to have supported a roof of the same light structure. Hence the easy conflagration of this abode of the Persian kings, in a debauch of Alexander. The columns are loftier, further apart, and fewer in number, than in Egypt. Had not the illustration of the general subject been of more importance in the establishment of this point, reference might at once have been made to the early temples of Greece, which, even to the age of Xerxes, were structures of wood; and to the well-known difference of style between them and those of Egypt. Thus we have the second species of architectural design; and again find the facts, recounted by history, according with deductions from *a priori* consideration of the nature, objects, and origin, of the art itself. It may afford illustration of the certainty with which the principles of reasoning operate, while the fact is singular, that ancient writers describe the huts of the nomadic tribes on their dispersion, or, at least, the earliest recorded residences of mankind, as composed of poles, formed of the branches of trees, fixed in the earth, enclosing a circular space, and meeting at top, the sloping sides being covered with leaves, reeds, or skins. This is exactly the wigwam of the aboriginal inhabitant of America. So much is man the creature of the same instincts, under similar circumstances.

“Climate will necessarily operate a considerable effect upon the external arrangements of architecture. According to the latitude of the situation, buildings will be contrived to admit or exclude the sun, to give shelter from biting cold, or to secure against scorching heat, or merely to yield shade, without immediate reference to either extreme. All these, however, will not affect the internal harmonies or proprieties of the constituent parts. Climate, therefore, is only modifying, not creative, as the two preceding causes; it may suggest composition, but hardly design; for, with the exception of the pointed or flat roof, according to the humidity or dryness of the atmosphere, consequently the angular pediment surmounting the horizontal lines of the entablature, little of real form or order has been added, or materially influenced, by climate. This cause, however, has given rise to, or permitted, many picturesque combinations.

“Purpose, besides the constitutional affects upon the science already described, necessarily occasions the various classes under which the labours of the architect may be arranged. Architecture, by this principle, is separated into two grand divisions—Civil and Military. The former of these, from its greater variety of purpose, is further subdivided into subordinate heads, namely, placing each in the order of its probable antiquity, Sacred, Monumental, Municipal, and Domestic. The modifications of purpose do not, indeed, give novel principles, nor do they affect any of the conclusions already explained; they have only, though strongly, influenced the practice of the art.”—Pp. 268—274.

Should the vestiges of ancient monuments be quite destroyed, and should it be left to some succeeding generation to discover the principles of architecture from remains of the erections of the present day, what a task would they have been they to attempt to trace the several various descriptions of ornament which we employ, to the *purpose*, the *material*, or the *climate*!

The treatise above referred to is well deserving of recommendation. It traces, with conciseness,

and with considerable learning, the general history of the art, from the most ancient times to the present moment, and occasionally, as may be seen from the extract we have given throws out some excellent hints on points of precept. A few errors, the result of an inattention to the most recent publications, might be pointed out. The description of the celebrated stupendous temple at the Sicilian Selinus, which our author takes more than usual pains to describe as a wonder, is altogether inaccurate. His hundred columns, forming the porticoes, is a gratuitous assumption, altogether unwarranted by the fact. His ideas cannot have been derived, as in his preface he pretends they are, from actual observation; for the examination of the venerable remains will not afford grounds for any such conclusion. That would corroborate rather some late publications on the subject. The plan in a recent work make the number of columns in the porticoes, including those of the Pronaos and Posticum fifty-four, and the fidelity of that author's observations is attested by the subsequent explorings of Messrs. Hittorf and Zante. In treating of the origin of the pointed arch, Dr. Memes, who had been in Sicily, should have referred to the examples there existing as evidence incontestible that it was first introduced into Europe by the Saracens. Whether the use of the pointed arch, and what is called Gothic architecture, are to be treated as one and the same thing, is another question; but as to the first employment of the former in Europe in the middle ages, the most wilful prejudice or perversity only can deny that it belongs to Sicily.

Dr. Memes's is on the whole a sensible work. Perhaps a little less display of learning and somewhat more feeling would have better suited the subject on which he treats: nevertheless his volume may be read to advantage by professors of the arts, and by amateurs. Its cheap form renders it accessible to every class.

#### THE ANTIQUARY.

*Waverly Novels. Vol. V.—The Antiquary.* Cadell and Co. Edinburgh, 1829.

FROM the rumours that had been bruited, we had expected more copious notes to the first volume of the ‘Antiquary,’ in the new edition. The principal novelties are, an interesting account of the ‘blue gowns,’ in an introductory advertisement, and a curious original and *true* tale of a dream, on which the legend of Mrs. Grizel Oldkuck, in the ninth chapter, was founded. This is appended as a note to that chapter. Of the ‘blue gowns,’ or king's bedesmen, from whom the character of Edie Ochiltree was drawn, after giving an account from Martin's ‘Reliquiæ Divi Sancti Andree,’ of an order of beggars in Scotland, supposed to have descended from the ancient bards, and existing in Scotland in the seventeenth century, but now extinct, Sir Walter says:

“The old remembered beggar, even in my own time, like the Baccach, or travelling cripple of Ireland, was expected to merit his quarters by something beyond an exposition of his distresses. He was often a talkative, facetious fellow, prompt at repartee, and not withheld from exercising his powers that way by any respect of persons, his patched cloak giving him the privilege of the ancient jester. To be a *gude crack*, that is, to possess talents for conversation, was essential to the trade of a ‘paur body’ of the more esteemed class; and Burns, who delighted in the amusement their discourse afforded, seems to have looked forward with gloomy firmness to the possibility of himself becoming one day or other a member of their itinerant society. In his poetical works, it is alluded to so often, as perhaps to indicate that he considered the consummation as not utterly impossible. Thus, in the fine dedication of his works to Gavin Hamilton, he says,—

“And when I downa yoke a naig,  
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg.”

Again, in his Epistle to Davie, a brother poet, he states, that in their closing career—

“The last o't, the warst o't,  
Is only just to beg.”

And after having remarked, that

“To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,  
When banes are crazed and blude is thin,  
Is doubtless great distress;”

the bard reckons up, with true poetical spirit, the free enjoyment of the beauties of nature, which might counterbalance the hardship and uncertainty of the life even of a mendicant. In one of his prose letters, to which I have lost the reference, he details this idea yet more seriously, and dwells upon it, as not ill adapted to his habits and powers.

“As the life of a Scottish mendicant of the eighteenth century, seems to have been contemplated with much horror by Robert Burns, the author can hardly have erred in giving to Edie Ochiltree something of poetical character and personal dignity, above the more abject of his miserable calling. The class had, in fact, some privileges. A lodging, such as it was, was readily granted to them in some of the out-houses, and the usual *excomens* (alms) of a handful of meal (called a *gowpen*) was scarce denied by the poorest cottager. The mendicant disposed these, according to their different quality, in various bags around his person, and thus carried about with him the principal part of his sustenance, which he literally received for the asking. At the houses of the gentry, his cheer was mended by scraps of broken meat, and perhaps a Scottish ‘real-penny,’ or English penny, which was expended in snuff or whisky. In fact, these indolent peripatetics suffered much less real hardship and want of food, than the poor peasants from whom they received alms.

“If, in addition to his personal qualifications, the mendicant chanced to be a King's Bedesman, or Blue-Gown, he belonged, in virtue thereof, to the aristocracy of his order, and was esteemed a person of great importance.”—Pp. vi.—ix.

An extract then follows from an account of payments to ‘Blew Gownis,’ by Sir Robert Melvill, of Murdocarney, treasurer-depute of King James VI. furnished to the author of ‘Waverley’ by an officer of the Register House; after which Sir Walter proceeds as follows:

“I have only to add, that although the institution of King's Bedesmen still subsists, they are now seldom to be seen on the streets of Edinburgh, of which their peculiar dress made them rather a characteristic feature.

“Having thus given an account of the genus and species to which Edie Ochiltree appertains, the author may add, that the individual he had in his eye was Andrew Gemmells, an old mendicant of the character described, who was many years since well known, and must still be remembered, in the vales of Gala, Tweed, Etrick, Yarrow, and the adjoining country.

“The author has in his youth repeatedly seen and conversed with Andrew, but cannot recollect whether he held the rank of Blue-Gown. He was a remarkably fine old figure, very tall, and maintaining a soldier-like, or military manner and address. His features were intelligent, with a powerful expression of sarcasm. His motions were always so graceful, that he might almost have been suspected of having studied them; for he might, on any occasion, have served as a model for an artist, so remarkably striking were his ordinary attitudes. Andrew Gemmells had little of the cant of his calling; his wants were food and shelter, or a trifle of money, which he always claimed, and seemed to receive, as his due. He sung a good song, told a good story, and could crack a severe jest with all the acumen of Shakspeare's jesters, though without using, like them, the cloak of insanity. It was some fear of Andrew's satire, as much as a feeling of kindness or charity, which secured him the general good reception which he enjoyed every where. In fact, a jest of Andrew Gemmells, especially at the expense of a person of consequence, flew round the circle which he frequented, as surely as the bon-mot of a man of established character for wit glides through the fashionable world. Many of his good things are held in remembrance, but are generally too local and personal to be introduced here.

“Andrew had a character peculiar to himself among his tribe, for aught I ever heard. He was ready and willing to play at cards or dice with any one who desired



such amusement. This was more in the character of the Irish itinerant gambler, called in that country a *carrow*, than of the Scottish beggar. But the late Reverend Doctor Robert Douglas, minister of Galashiels, assured the author, that the last time he saw Andrew Gemmells, he was engaged in a game at brag with a gentleman of fortune, distinction, and birth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made at an open window of the chateau, the laird sitting on his chair in the inside, the beggar on a stool in the yard; and they played on the window-sill. The stake was a considerable parcel of silver. The author expressing some surprise, Dr. Douglas observed, that the laird was no doubt a humourist or original; but that many decent persons in those times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Gemmells.

"This singular mendicant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person, as would have been thought the value of his life among modern foot-pads. On one occasion, a country gentleman, generally esteemed a very narrow man, happening to meet Andrew, expressed great regret that he had no silver in his pocket, or he would have given him sixpence:—"I can give you change for a note, laird," replied Andrew.

"Like most who have arisen to the head of their profession, the modern degradation which mendicity has undergone was often the subject of Andrew's lamentations. As a trade, he said, it was forty pounds a-year worse since he had first practised it. On another occasion he observed, begging was in modern times scarcely the profession of a gentleman, and that if he had twenty sons, he would not easily be induced to breed one of them up in his own line. When or where this *laudator temporis acti* closed his wanderings, the author never heard with certainty; but most probably, as Burns says,

"— he died a cadger-powny's death  
At some dike side."

"The author may add another picture of the same kind as Edie Ochiltree and Andrew Gemmells; considering these illustrations as a sort of gallery, open to the reception of any thing which may elucidate former manners, or amuse the reader.

"The author's contemporaries at the university of Edinburgh will probably remember the thin wasted form of a venerable old Bedesman, who stood by the Potter-row port, now demolished, and, without speaking a syllable, gently inclined his head, and offered his hat, but with the least possible degree of urgency, towards each individual who passed. This man gained, by silence and the extenuated and wasted appearance of a palmer from a remote country, the same tribute which was yielded to Andrew Gemmells's sarcastic humour and stately deportment. He was understood to be able to maintain a son a student in the theological classes of the University, at the gate of which the father was a mendicant. The young man was modest and inclined to learning, so that a student of the same age, and whose parents were rather of the lower order, moved by seeing him excluded from the society of other scholars when the secret of his birth was suspected, endeavoured to console him by offering him some occasional civilities. The old mendicant was grateful for this attention to his son, and one day, as the friendly student passed, he stooped forward more than usual, as if to intercept his passage. The scholar drew out a halfpenny, which he concluded was the beggar's object, when he was surprised to receive his thanks for the kindness he had shown to Jamie, and at the same time a cordial invitation to dine with them next Saturday, "on a shoulder of mutton and potatoes," adding, "ye'll put on your clean sark, as I have company." The student was strongly tempted to accept this hospitable proposal, as many in his place would probably have done; but, as the motive might have been capable of misrepresentation, he thought it most prudent, considering the character and circumstances of the old man, to decline the invitation.

"Such are a few traits of Scottish mendicity, designed to throw light on a novel in which a character of that description plays a prominent part. We conclude, that we have vindicated Edie Ochiltree's right to the importance assigned him: and have shown, that we have known one beggar take a hand at cards with a person of distinction, and another give dinner parties.

"I know not if it be worth while to observe, that the Antiquary was not so well received on its first appearance as either of its predecessors, though in course of time it rose to equal, and with some readers, superior popularity."—Pp. xiii—xix.

The following is the tale of the dream above alluded to:

"The legend of Mrs. Grizel Oldbuck was partly taken from an extraordinary story which happened about seventy years since, in the south of Scotland, so peculiar in its circumstances, that it merits being mentioned in this place. Mr. R—d, of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of teind (or tithe) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropriators of the tithes.) Mr. R—d was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular, and therefore that the present prosecution was groundless. But, after an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his law-suit to be inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose. His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. R—d thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade; "I did acquire right to these teinds, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. —, a writer (or attorney), who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible," pursued the vision, "that Mr. — may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern."

"Mr. R—d awakened in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man; without saying any thing of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them,—so that Mr. R—d carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.

"The author has often heard this story told by persons who had the best access to know the facts, who were not likely themselves to be deceived, and were certainly incapable of deception. He cannot therefore refuse to give it credit, however extraordinary the circumstance may appear. The circumstantial character of the information given in the dream, takes it out of the general class of impressions of the kind which are occasioned by the fortuitous coincidence of actual events with our sleeping thoughts. On the other hand, few will suppose that the laws of nature were suspended, and a special communication from the dead to the living permitted, for the purpose of saving Mr. R—d a certain number of hundred pounds. The author's theory is, that the dream was only

the recapitulation of information which Mr. R—d had really received from his father while in life, but which at first he merely recalled as a general impression that the claim was settled. It is not uncommon for persons to recover, during sleep, the thread of ideas which they have lost during their waking hours.

"It may be added, that this remarkable circumstance was attended with bad consequences to Mr. R—d; whose health and spirits were afterwards impaired by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the visions of the night."—Pp. 132—134.

## LECTURES ON SURGERY.

*Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, as delivered in the Theatre of St. Thomas's Hospital. By Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., F.R.S., Sergeant-Surgeon to his Majesty, Consulting Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery, &c. Taken in Short Hand. Small 8vo. pp. 637. F. C. Westley. London, 1829.*

THERE is a question still pending between the President of the Royal Academy and certain possessors of productions of his masterly pencil, as to whether the latter enjoy the right of having the paintings engraved, and deriving a profit from the sale of the plates. The picture purchaser argues, "You have had your price for your performance, and it is now the property of me, the purchaser, to do what I choose with it." So, we suppose, it will be answered to the lecturer, "You have had the price for your lectures, (a pretty good price, if the calculation be made on the amount of the income annually derived from the repetition of the same courses,) and they are now the property of the public." Upon this principle it is, we presume, that the present publication makes its appearance, without any pretensions to the correcting hand of his Majesty's Sergeant-Surgeon. A more important consideration, however, than this equivocal question of right to publication, is the utility of the book. This is unquestionable; yet, notwithstanding its merit in this respect, it would probably never have appeared but for the industry and patience of the stenographical editor, who, if he be guilty of any delinquency at all, is certainly only chargeable with an offence ever considered venial—of robbing Peter to pay Paul. For when the immense quantity of matter comprised in the small compass be considered, and when, added to this, we reflect that the book is intended only for a single class of readers, it seems quite clear that the editor has merely calculated on remuneration for the labour of taking short-hand notes, deciphering them, (no slight task,) and copying them fair for the printer.

We cannot pretend to recommend this book to general readers, yet it may be pleasant to many of them to have a proof of the pleasant anxiety for their welfare displayed by our teachers of surgery in the doctrines they inculcate to their pupils. With this view we make the following short extract from the introductory lecture:

"But the quality which is considered of the highest order in surgical operations is self-possession; the head must always direct the hand, otherwise the operator is unfit to discover an effectual remedy for the unforeseen accidents which may occur in his practice. Without this quality a man may do well enough in ordinary cases, but can do little on sudden emergencies; it inspires confidence, and almost insures the success of the operation. These qualities forward the interests of professional men, whilst they diminish the sufferings of human nature. Patients generally form an opinion of a surgeon's ability by his manner: if he be of a dry, morose turn, he is apt to alarm not only the patient, but his whole family; whereas, he who speaks kindly to them, and asks for particular information, is supposed to have more knowledge, and receives more respect.

"In all cases, it is the duty of the surgeon never to advise an operation, unless there is a probability that it will be attended with success: he should here, as in every instance, "do to others as he would have others do unto

him." Let it be always remembered, that operations cannot be *safty* undertaken by any man, unless he possess a thorough knowledge of anatomy. This is the real groundwork of all surgical science; and it has ever been found that half-anatomists are bungling practitioners; ignorance here, as it always will, gives confidence without power. But it is consolatory to know, that the human frame is better understood at the present epoch by *students*, than it was forty years ago by *professors*. With us, the march of improvement has been most rapid; and it has principally arisen from the assiduity with which the modern surgeons have pursued their avocations in the dissecting-room. A few years since, all operations were attended with hazard; those now undertaken commonly do well, which can only be explained by our increased information. An old surgeon, now deceased, said, "that operations for extracting stones from the bladder, put him in mind of sailing between Scylla and Charybdis." It was replied, "that not to attempt them was certainly resigning his patients to Scylla!" 'Tis true, these operations require the most perfect anatomical skill; as do those for hernia, aneurism, and fractures of the bones of the head, attended with depression. Anatomy likewise teaches us how to discriminate disease; in which lies more than half the cure. Without this knowledge, dislocations frequently cannot be detected; whereby patients may become miserable for life, and thus the reputation of the surgeon be for ever lost. Some years since, one of the profession, whom I had long known, but had not seen for many years, called on me; I naturally inquired respecting his success. He replied, that his life had been like April, sometimes sunshine, sometimes rain. I rejoined, "How so? you have brought up a family genteelly, and have, I understand, a respectable practice."—"True, (said he) but a circumstance occurred some time ago which has given me much uneasiness; I was called to attend a case of dislocation of the shoulder joint, but it so happened that I could not discover it; after attending the patient for a considerable time, another surgeon was requested to see him, who at once pronounced the bone to be out, which in reality was the case, for in a very short time he reduced it. When the man recovered, he brought an action against me, I had to pay £200 damages, and the law expenses were £200 more. The loss of the money I did not feel, but I have severely felt being pointed at as an ignorant man.

A few years ago, one of the dressers in St. Thomas's Hospital wished to perform an operation; and he turned his attention to the surgery boy, who had a bad leg, and said to him, one day, "Abraham, I should like to cut off your leg."—"Indeed!" said Abraham, "I should not like it."—"Oh," said the dresser, "it will never be of any use to you in its present state, and therefore you had better be without it. I will take a lodging for you; I will give you some money, and you shall be well attended." The boy's scruples were overcome; he took the money, went to the lodging; all was fixed, and the operator began; but finding a great discharge of blood, he cried out to his assistant—"Screw the tourniquet tighter." He obeyed, but in doing so the screw broke, and at this unforeseen accident the dresser lost all presence of mind; he jumped about the room, then ran to the sufferer, and endeavoured to stop the effusion of blood by compressing the wound with his hand, but in vain; his sleeve became filled with blood, and poor Abraham would have died in a very short time, had not a pupil accidentally called, who had the presence of mind to apply the key of the door to the femoral artery, by compressing which he stopped the bleeding, and thus gained time for the application of another tourniquet.

Some years ago, one of the dressers at Guy's Hospital, in bleeding a man, punctured the artery that lay under the vein (a situation in which he ought not to have bled), and before the blood could be stopped, the person lost thirty-seven ounces. One of the surgeons cut down upon the artery at the elbow, and secured it. In doing this, he divided the principal veins; inflammation and mortification came on, and death soon followed.

I bring forward these examples to impress upon your minds that an imperative necessity exists for making yourselves well acquainted with anatomical science; without which you cannot conscientiously discharge your duty

to society; and it is upon this that you must lay the foundation for your future advancement.—Pp. 2—4.

The following bit of excellent advice is so applicable to students of all professions, and deserves so well to be pondered by young men in general, that we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of transferring it to our columns:

I have probably known 10,000 members of the faculty in the course of my professional life, to whose partiality I attribute my successful progress, more than to any merit of my own: and I should be wanting in gratitude if I did not acknowledge it. I have observed that well-directed assiduity will surmount all difficulties: you should not be deterred in your efforts, even by poverty, for it is a great stimulus to exertion, and to regularity of life; all, however, will not be equally studious, for some will be fluttering in the boxes of another theatre, or come here only to interrupt their more steady fellow-students. But I will not suffer it as long as I have the honour of lecturing in this establishment: no man shall interrupt another with impunity. Perhaps some who are fashionably dressed may think proper to look down with a feeling of contempt upon the students whose attire is plain and more modest; but should such a feeling exist, I would advise such persons to pause a while, and consider what it is that makes one man superior to another in his profession. When they commence their career of public life, the plain, industrious, intelligent young man goes slowly but steadily in the right track of his profession, and rises to respectability, perhaps even to a high rank; on the other hand, the fashionable loungeur, who neglects to improve himself, finds his want of knowledge and his bad habits equally retard him: instead of rising he sinks lower; his friends disappear, and at last he falls into obscurity, reduced to a pitiable state, blaming and abusing his more fortunate rival. In conclusion, let me say, that if any of you wish to ask my advice or assistance in any way, I shall be most happy if you will call on me whenever you think proper. I do not say this from ostentation, but I always wish to show the junior members of the profession that I do not forget the friendship I have experienced from their fathers.

The London University Magazine. October, 1829.  
Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THE dedication of this magazine to the King is in such lamentable taste, that it would create in hasty minds an insurmountable prejudice against all concerned in it. We will not believe that any intention was entertained of offering any affront to his Majesty; yet it cannot be denied, that the enemies of the University have ample grounds for charging such a design against those who penned the ill-tempered effusion. The contributors may be excused on account of their youth, but the proprietors ought to have known better.

The Magazine itself is a *mélange* of the scientific and the agreeable. This very circumstance would prevent its seeing a second number were it not addressed to a particular class and party. As it is, however, and as the production of the students of an university which has existed only a year and a day, those who are interested in it have not any very great cause to blush for it.

The following specimen of its verification may serve, perhaps, to dissipate the awe with which the title might otherwise inspire some fair well-wishers to the 'GROSSLY MISREPRESENTED UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.'

'They lov'd—they parted—met:—what need to tell  
How the enthusiast girl was woo'd and won?  
Ye, who have lov'd with passion, know full well  
Its potency—of life the soul—the sun!—  
Yes, mighty love breath'd his whole spirit there;  
Nor shrunk fair Inez from the glowing tale.  
She knew not that her father's fatal care  
Had vow'd her to a cloister's dreary pale,  
In grateful sacrifice; or so he deem'd,  
For her young life in infancy redeem'd,  
From the destroying blight that left his hearth  
All desolate, save of her infant mirth.

At length before her trembling sire she knelt,  
And pour'd forth all her love, her hopes, her fears.  
Oh! who may paint what the lost parent felt,  
That his own voice must curse her blooming years.  
He dar'd not meet her innocent fond look,  
His only one, whom he had lov'd so well—  
And still how dear she was, the pang that shook  
His aged bosom, to his child could tell,—  
O'er the doom'd girl he hung in agony,  
And strove the fatal secret to unfold;  
Turn'd the pale victim from his pitying eye,  
'Ere half the tale of misery could be told;  
Enough—to know that she must learn to bear,  
The ever changing torments of despair.

'The morning came—the last eventful morn;  
The priests stood ready for the sacrifice;  
Which from all earthly feelings must be torn,  
Of superstition's vow to pay the price—  
They call'd her from her couch—her cheek was wet  
With recent tears—she turn'd and knelt a while  
In earnest prayer—and then her handmaids met  
With a clear brow, and, her triumphant smile  
Show'd strange, for a young heart so rudely cros'd;  
Had she the mem'ry of her sorrow lost,  
Won by the glittering vanities around?—  
So deem'd her maidens, and with joyful haste  
The costly ornaments upon her bound:—  
And added to her beauty gems and gold.  
The cestus that enclos'd her slender waist  
Was a King's gift, and the Abencerrage old  
Had left it as a dowry to a fair bride,  
Who once within these halls had kept her state;  
And many a lovely one in nuptial pride  
Had worn it since that day. Alas, her fate  
Who wears it now! the lost—the desolate!  
Vow'd to a living tomb!—her sweeping hair,  
As darkly lustrous as the raven's wing,  
Was woven in with gems—the diamond there  
Shone like a star from heaven wandering,  
Lur'd by a face so fair;—the ruby flung  
Its flood of crimson light, and richly hung  
The gleaming amethyst, with wanton twine,  
Like ripen'd clusters of the purple vine.  
Then o'er her form fell the white shadowy veil,  
Light as a floating mist—but, oh! more pale  
Was the soft cheek its snowy foldings hid:  
Still, statue-like, became her lovely face;  
And in her silent eye there was no trace  
Of suffering, when she rais'd its drooping lid.  
'Before the holy shrine at last she stood,  
'Mid flowers, and incense, and rich minstrelsy;  
The white-rob'd priest flung the bright censers high,  
And melody swell'd round them like a flood:  
Around were rang'd the beautiful, the young,  
And a deep silence chain'd up ev'ry tongue:  
The rites began:—when echoing thro' the aisle  
A sudden tumult spread, till the old pile  
Was ringing with the tread of armed men:  
On to the altar sprang the daring chief,  
And seiz'd the bride of heav'n—desp'rate and brief  
The struggle—sank she in his arms—and, then,  
He bore her thro' the horror-stricken throng—  
Tumultuously his followers broke along  
Through the thick crowd that his retreat oppose,  
A passage for their chief:—around them close  
The saintly numbers—but it was in vain:  
Unarm'd, defenceless, how might they restrain  
The daring sacrilege?—an instant more  
And the fierce band bore their fair prize away;  
Clos'd were the glories of that solemn day:—  
The pageant, and the melody were o'er.'

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## JACOBITE MINSTRELSY.

Songs and ballads are peculiarly the literature of the people; if, indeed, we may, without impropriety, call that literature which has existed, for the most part, rather in the form of the *vox audita*, than of the *littera scripta*. Poetry, in truth, whatever may be the case with prose, and this sort of poetry especially, often lives wondrous well for a long time, without knowing any thing of letters, which are but the habiliments in which it consents to wrap its free limbs, as it grows civilized. Perhaps even in those countries of the old world, where alphabetic writing was of greatest antiquity, poetry was still more ancient, or, at least, although writing was known, the poetry probably long continued unwritten. Among the Hebrews themselves, the songs of Moses and of Deborah had, we doubt not, their earliest record, not in either rolled or folded manuscript, but in the memories and on the lips of the people, making the heart of Judah swell with their magnificent music, while yet without any more visible being than the unembodied breezes. The Homeric poems were the national minstrelsy of Greece, familiar to the ears of the people, long before a line of them was ever committed to writing, or any one had yet thought of making them up into epics. They were, in fact, merely the popular lays or ballads of the land, the expression and growth of the national traditions, usages, and feelings, the picture, or idealized impress, which the past had left of itself in the hearts of an imaginative race, to whom history, the true religion, that chases away all such superstitions, had not yet been revealed. We have no such splendid remains of the unwritten literature of Rome, as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are of that of Greece; but we know that the Romans, too, had their popular poetry, of which the *Fescennine* verses, for example, were a part, even in those early times when they were a mere nation of unlettered warriors. And as for the races of modern Europe, every one of them, whether of Celtic, Slavonic, or Gothic descent, will be found, we believe, to have breathed around itself an atmosphere of song, at a comparatively early period after it had settled down into the form and consistency of a nation.

The popular ballad gave rise, in progress of time, to the longer and more artificial compositions of professed poets or minstrels, which, although familiar to the people, from having been often listened to, were not adapted to be generally got by heart, but reserved for formal recitation, by the particular class of persons who made it their business to learn and repeat them. Accordingly, they never supplanted the shorter lyrics out of which they grew, and no where, indeed, seem to have taken so deep a root in the soil of the popular mind, as its earlier and more natural produce. They were gorgeous exotics, or, at least, pampered hot-house nurselings, which were the fashion for their season, and so long, therefore, were anxiously cherished; but they could not live in all exposures and weathers, like the other indigenous and less pretending flower. The true popular song has survived the oblivion of these more elaborate lays, and, while their place is filled by other elaborations, it, in its simplicity, is still in every land the chosen interpreter of passionate hearts, and an inspiration both of grief and of gladness, as universally diffused as the air of heaven.

What is it then that constitutes the charm and distinctive character of this eldest born of the imagination, as compared with other compositions in verse? A song, it may be said, is a short metrical effusion set to music; but this were merely to describe the thing as a land-surveyor would do a picturesque landscape, by its length, breadth, and angular peculiarities. Although musical accompaniment, metre, and a reasonable brevity, may all be fairly reckoned among the essentials of a song, they yet constitute together merely its outward fashion, not its inner spirit. We might set an epigram, or an epitaph, to music, but, no matter how short it might be, or how accurately rhymed, it would not thereby be converted into a song.

A song is something meant to be sung. Let us consider what singing implies, of what it is the natural and appropriate expression. Is it not of passion, and of that alone?—of something that swells, or wrings, or melts, or in some other way unusually agitates the heart, and sets its fountains flowing, whether of joy or sorrow? Unless when thus strongly stirred, music is a mode of utterance too markedly unlike ordinary language for us to feel any disposition to adopt it, or that to do so would be other than most unsuitable and extravagant. Nobody thinks of using either a jig or a minuet step in making his way along the streets or the high road; there is nothing in what he is about, whether his walk be on business or for exercise, to tempt him to any such display of the 'fantastic toe.' It is the same in the mind's movements. Unornamented prose is the natural and proper style for its every-day business of all sorts, whether it be detailing an historical event, or demonstrating a proposition in mathematics. Singing here would be the last thing in the world that any one would think of. Nor even in many cases where there is much more excitement than here,—even in those in which the ornaments and regularities of verse may be appropriately introduced, to add either animation or solemnity to the expression,—do we feel any impulse to utter our thoughts in the linked involutions and gushing cadences of music. To be thus moved, the pulse of the affections must be made to beat quicker or deeper. Mere wit, therefore, however brilliant, does not naturally seek expression in song, although it often may in verse. It is a radiance that dazzles the eye, but leaves the heart untouched; but song is the language of the heart. It is different with regard to humour; a much richer and rarer product of mind, by the by, than mere wit, which is but an art, or, at most, a talent; whereas humour is true genius, never being found in a high degree of luxuriance, or of very delicate quality, except where there is a deep soil of native sensibility for it to spring from. It is indeed altogether a thing of heart and passion, even expressing itself, it may be observed, in its more excited moods, by an overflow of tears, like any of our more melting emotions. Hence, as well as grief, or pity, or love, or any of the other modifications of tenderness, merriment is one of the favourite inspirations of song. Indeed so similar in character is this emotion to the others that have been named, that it runs into and mingles with any one of them almost as naturally as they do with each other. Song-poetry especially affords us many examples of this.

It is the melody, in truth, which properly constitutes the song; for unless the mood of feeling expressed be one which naturally seeks to utter itself in a certain strain of music, it cannot, when put into words, take this form of composition; or, at least, if it take the form, it must want the spirit. The composition, to be truly a song, must be written under the inspiration of some musical emotion, of some feeling which pants to carrol itself forth in liquid and winding sweetness, like the nightingale's love, or the mounting sky-lark's joy. It may not be that there is any particular series of musical notes in the memory of the writer; but his heart, at least, must be suffused and thrilled with that which, if converted into sound, would flow on in music. It is of this that a written song is in all cases the transcript,—the poet's interpretation, just as the melody is the musician's. When both are entwined together, 'the soft Lydian air married to immortal verse,' it is as when a beautiful stream, that murmurs tunefully as it flows, mirrors at the same time on its waters a portion of the green and sunny landscape that rises from their margin. We owe this effect, this blending of the picture with the music, to the magic ministry of words, which, being at once audible sounds and the representatives of visible images, are enabled thus to make, as it were, both painting tuneful, and music picturesque.

A song, then, is the breath of passion translated into harmonious words; the volatile spirit of a melody, caught and arranged in an investiture of many-coloured light, which, airy almost as its own essence, instead of encumbering it, only endows it with in-

tenser life and more heart-subduing beauty. It is a poetical composition struck in the mint of the imagination, when in a glow from the touch of some sublimary joy or sorrow, and melting whatever it seizes upon, by a fierce and rapid fusion, into congeniality with that particular emotion. This is an excitement that cannot in any case last long; hence a song is generally a short effusion. In the composition of a poetical work of considerable length, the imagination is necessarily in altogether a different state,—soaring tranquilly, for the most part, above the region of human passion, and its heat and tumult. Homer, to be sure, has his

*Mosses beside the sea,*

and Virgil his

*Arma virumque cano,*

after his example. But the expression of the Greek bard is only another evidence that he did not compose his poetry in the form in which it has come down to us. There are many portions of the poem we call the *Iliad*, which might, without impropriety have been originally recited with the accompaniment of music, and which were doubtless so recited. To any one of these the *aristeia*, *biata*, of the poet was an appropriate enough preface;—such a commencement as the occasion would naturally suggest to him, and his auditors would well perceive the fitness of. But to announce a poem of fifteen thousand lines, a great part of which is merely narrative, as a song, was a notion, we may be sure, that never would have entered his head. He was too much the poet of truth and nature. The expression would have sounded nearly as absurd to those who heard it for the first time, as if he had proposed to entertain them by dancing through the twenty-four books, as well as by singing them.

In turning over the leaves of one or two collections of our national lyrics that have lately issued from the press, we have renewed our old acquaintance with a very delightful department of British song; that for which we are indebted to the Scottish Jacobites. It is hardly necessary to go into any detail of the reasons which made the Jacobite cause, whatever it was politically, an admirable one for poetical purposes. We are not inclined to hold with some, that rhyme is always and *ex necessitate rei*, the antagonist of reason,—that what is disapproved of by the one, is on that very account well-pleasing to the other; the muses do not exactly deserve this judgment. But they have no pretensions, it must be allowed, to the character of great politicians; and their sympathies are apt, accordingly, without regard to other considerations, to be generally with the depressed, rather than with the ascendant party, in a national quarrel; with the suffering and struggling minority rather than with those who have gotten them down. Nor is this much to be wondered at. The cause thus favoured has not only the best claim upon the compassion of poetry, but its adherents, whether right or wrong as to their mere political opinions, have always upon the whole a vastly larger proportion of honesty and real worth of character than their opponents, who are an exceedingly mixed multitude, reckoning among their numbers, whomsoever else they may include, all the unprincipled and time-serving part of the population, as well as all those persons (a large class in every community) who have no character at all. Any cause, merely by virtue of being the dominant one, commands the accession of this compound mass of indifference and selfishness; and, however much strengthened thereby in other respects, loses so much of its poetry. We rejoice for our own parts, that there is this correction provided for the tyranny even of the soundest principles, this solace for the unhappy adherents even of a mistaken political faith, this arrangement for softening the fall of the vanquished, and checking the chariot-wheels of their triumphing opponents. It never happens in a conflict of opinions, that all the right is on one side, and all the error and injustice on the other; and it never can be desirable, therefore, that the one should be completely successful, and the other utterly discomfited. It is better, we may almost say in every case, that even the defeated and

weakened party should not be quite crushed and overwhelmed by the power of the other, but that, if nothing else, its very weakness, by endearing it to men's pity, should at last prove its strength and preservation. Thus preserved it may prove of important use. What would have been pernicious as a dominant principle, may be most valuable as an opposing and balancing one. The zealots of party, and bigots, and fanatics, of all sorts, cannot understand this; but all who have taken a wide survey either of history or of human nature will feel its truth.

But the cause of the Scottish Jacobites was dear to poetry on many peculiar accounts. It was the cause, in the first place, of the glorious and imaginative past as opposed to the prosaic present; of names more talismanic than any principles; of a royal lineage, the centre of a thousand proud and patriotic recollections, as being bound up with every tradition of the old independence and martial renown of the land; of an ancient aristocracy, hewn down or rooted from the soil over which it had so long spread its majestic boughs. On the other side all was new, plain, and in every way unimposing;—a dynasty of yesterday, placed upon the throne, not by any prowess of its founder, but by the singularly unpicturesque instrumentality of an act of Parliament; and a political establishment in no respect, apparently, of native growth, or having any foundation in the old interests and feelings of the country, but introduced in the first instance by the arms of one foreigner, remodelled some time after by the calling in of another, and protected all the while, in addition to this aid from abroad, chiefly by a mushroom nobility at home. Then the Jacobite cause was one which appealed to the heart by many personal attachments, to which the other presented nothing corresponding. Besides the admiration excited in all generous and romantic natures by the chivalrous gallantry and devotion of many of its adherents, the very situation of the exiled princes—who born to a throne, were now without a country—and especially the circumstances in which the young Pretender made his bold attempt in 1745 to regain the crown of his ancestors, were alone enough to turn the whole business into poetry. On the other hand, the characters of William, of Anne, and of the two first Georges, however excellent they may have been in other respects, were without any exception the most anti-poetical recorded in history. The Jacobite cause, too, was pre-eminently that to which belonged all the exciting effect of alternate hope and despair; and in its last days the interest attaching to the decay and ruin of what had once been sustained and graced by so many gallant deeds and high anticipations. Finally, in Scotland at least, it assumed, and not without some plausibility, the air of being even the cause of liberty itself, of the oppressed against their oppressors, of the national independence against the tyranny and degradation of a foreign yoke. The Union, as is well known, was long looked upon in that country with detestation, not only by the Jacobites but by many who did not belong to their party; and the hope of accomplishing its repeal undoubtedly induced some to join the rebel standard on both occasions of its being unfurled, whom that alone of re-establishing the throne of the Stuarts would scarcely have prevailed upon to take so perilous a step. The general misgovernment too of Scotland for many years after the Revolution, and the stationary or actually declining condition in which all the great interests of the country were consequently left, rendered aspirations after a new order of things natural to all ardent spirits, while one or two most injudicious acts of the government had very early deepened the dissatisfaction of many into indignant and rooted hostility to the revolutionary settlement, and made those who sought to overturn it seem both to themselves and others the avengers of the nation's wrongs and the restorers of its freedom.

And all these things have given of their inspiration to Jacobite song. But the observations into which we have been already seduced have extended to so much length, that we must defer our more particular

examination of this minstrelsy, and the illustrations we intended to offer of its extraordinary variety and richness, till another week.

#### RHEINFELS.

PROUDLY in days gone by hast thou looked down,  
Thou royal pile, on river, tower, and hill:  
Now wasting time which all that's fair doth kill  
Hath torn thee piecemeal; over thee hath grown  
Ivy, decay's bright harbingers, and thrown  
A fresh dress on the mass to which no skill  
In man, no energy of Art or Will,  
Can give again the youthhood that hath flown.  
Oh hapless fate! Can piles which seemed upreared  
To mock destruction, thus be torn and riven,  
Fast mingling with the dust on which they stood?  
Yea! Be it so! While they lie rent and scared  
Immortal verse lives on, to which 'tis given  
To scorn the rage of years, Time's envious brood!

Are there no spirits in the vasty deep  
Which minister to men who on them call?  
No guardian powers who those that watch and weep  
Upbear, in rough paths struggling, lest they fall?  
Why faint we then? Tho' this terrestrial ball  
Be rent in pieces; tho' the earth and sky  
Together rush, destruction we defy  
Whose life is in ourselves! Time wasteth all;  
The earth is old and palsied; she hath seen  
Her proudest bulwarks levelled, she hath heard  
A voice proclaiming that her power doth fail.  
Yet toil we on undaunted and serene!  
The spirit of a never-dying word  
Lives in our song; how can we weep or wail!

K.

#### HULDBRAND VON WOLFSTHAL.

WITH plumes and banners floating,  
With trumpets sounding shrill,  
The noble knight is riding  
O'er plain and wooded hill,  
His old ancestral servants  
Are following in his train,  
With lance and shield five hundred  
Pick forth with might and main.  
All bear the royal eagle  
Emblazoned on their breast,  
And the true bare-headed seneschal  
Rides forth before the rest,  
And then the bearded bannerman,  
With the pennon floating high,  
And the warlike crest there flutters,  
Like an eagle in the sky,  
Then come five hundred warriors,  
All mailed to the knee;  
God bless the noble Huldbrand  
And his gallant company!  
God bless the noble Huldbrand,  
For good and brave is he!  
And he warreth for the right,  
With all his chivalry!  
He hath left his peaceful dwelling,  
And hath belted on his brand,  
To aid our noble emperor,  
And fight for father land;  
And as he rides, all men run out  
The good old knight to see,  
And they cry, 'God bless brave Huldbrand  
And his gallant chivalry!' Count Ernst is gone to meet him,  
Who is fierce and large of limb:  
Six hundred men, in plated steel,  
Ride proudly after him;  
And as they speed o'er hill and plain,  
Far off the band they see,  
And the noble knight who foremost goes,  
And the eagle flying free:  
And when they near were drawing,  
Sir Huldbrand gently spake,  
'For God and our good Emperor  
Dost thou this gathering make?'

Then Ernst, the furious rebel,  
With insults loud did cry:  
'What seeks the courtly minion,  
The friend to tyranny?'  
Go back, thou grey beard warrior,  
And doff thy rusty mail;  
'Tis not for hand to wield the brand  
Which age hath made to fail!  
With trumpets shrilly braying,  
The bands together met;  
The shields were hung before them,  
The spears in rest were set;  
With sound of distant thunder,  
The steeds flew o'er the plain;  
And the gallant Huldbrand charged  
At the head of all the train!  
A spear's length from his saddle  
Count Ernst is lying low!  
And o'er all the plain his scattered train  
Rush from the overthrow!  
Two hundred knights are lying  
With shivered lance and mail;  
With soiled crest and hauberk rent,  
And shattered aventail.  
Then bless the noble Huldbrand,  
The brave grey bearded knight!  
And never fail the race of him  
Who warreth for the right!

R.

#### TRAVELS IN PERSIA.

(Fragments from an unpublished Journal.)

(Continued from p. 567.)

#### PROVINCE OF CARABAGH.

THE province of Carabagh is remarkable for its astonishing fertility, in which respect it is not exceeded by any district in the whole empire of Persia. It comprises a plain extending from the Carabagh mountains to the banks of the Kur which separates it from Shirwan and Shikkie, part of the ancient Albania. On the south, it is bounded by the Arras, and it is at the south-western extremity that the two rivers, viz., the Kur and the Araxis meet. The province, it should seem, is the Sacasene of Strabo, who describes it as one of the most fertile plains of Armenia, and as adjoining Albania and the Cyrus. In length it extends about a hundred miles. The whole country from the Kur to the mountains is a plain which, in truth, reaches as far as Tefflis, but it is only the lower part of it to which the name of Carabagh is applied. Towards the summits of the mountains is an extensive range of meadows which in summer are covered with rich pasturage. These lands are so elevated, that the heat is never felt there. They are watered by streams without number, which descend from the rocks, and which are stocked with abundance of fish. They form the summer habitations of the Elauts or Nomades of Carabagh, who have moreover strong places of refuge built in the most inaccessible spots of the same mountains, and called, in their language, *Sikkinauks*, the mists. The thick fogs and rains which are frequent in these regions only tend to render the pasturage richer, and the air cooler.

The plain which, as has been said above, lies between the foot of these mountains and the banks of the Kur, from its richness bears the name, and it well deserves it, of the Gardens. It consists of an alternation of verdant fields and natural gardens from one extremity to the other. It is watered by numerous fine rivers, all descending from the mountains, most of them emptying themselves into the Kur, but a few flowing into the Arras. The grass springs incessantly, and in the month of January the face of the country is perfectly green. The plains abound with antelopes, elks, and various species of deer, which it is no exaggeration to say, may be observed by the traveller in flocks of five or six hundred on either hand as he passes. The fertility of the soil is incredible; with little cultivation it yield crops far superior to any other dis-



trict in Armenia. The natural gardens produce figs, apricots, grapes, pears, pomegranates, nuts, and walnuts, without the slightest culture. In some parts, the ground is covered for miles in extent with rose bushes and odoriferous shrubs, from under which the pheasants spring out at every step.

The country can hardly be said to have a winter. The Elauts, who spend the summer in the mountains, descend towards the banks of the Kur at the latter end of the autumn. And scarcely can they halt on a single spot but that they find grass, water, and wood in abundance. In order to procure their bread and corn, these wandering tribes sow their grain before they leave their summer haunts, and return to reap it 'ere it falls of itself, or in time to prevent their being anticipated in gathering the harvest by any of their neighbours. The principal city, Shishai, is seated on the top of a mountain, and considered, on account of its situation, impregnable. There are also a few villages, but these are only inhabited during the winter; for the inhabitants of the entire province may be said to be Nomads.

These inhabitants are Armenians and Mussulmans. The latter are of various tribes, and appear to have been left by the different Tartar hordes, who from time to time have overrun the country. The features of some of them forcibly bespeak their origin. The natives in general are considered extremely handsome, and this seems to be the only good quality they possess, for they have the reputation—a reputation which they appear to merit, of being the most faithless people, and the most inveterate thieves existing. Their dexterity and enterprise in the exercise of this their favourite occupation is unequal, and quite proverbial among their neighbours.

The following anecdote which is the more to be admired, as the motive was more noble than sordid, shows the daring of these practised appropriators. The subject of it was in the service of a Khan who had the government of the Elauts of Aslandooy, who related the history of his servant in his presence to the following effect: With the rest of his tribe he came over to the Prince Abbas Mirza, in 1812. Before quitting his native country, he had formed an attachment for a young girl whose parents rejected his suit. The consequence of his exile seemed to be that he must abandon his passion or die in despair. But quite the contrary—absence only increased his love; and he was a youth of too much energy and enterprise to yield to despondency. He stole out one evening from the encampment of his own party, passed the frontier and rode to the spot which he knew contained his treasure. He reached the neighbourhood of this place at nightfall, and remained concealed for some hours in a forest. About midnight he advanced towards the encampment of the party to which the family of his beloved belonged, and dismounting from his steed, which he tied to a tree, he crept on all fours into the tent where the lady lay sleeping amongst her parents and kindred according to the usual custom of the Elauts. He crept softly to the spot where she lay, and pulling the covering gently over her face, and gagging her with it to prevent her screaming, he contrived to drag her from under the tent without awakening the rest of the family. He bore her to the place where his horse was tied, mounted with her before him, and carried her off at full speed. Nor did he stop until he reached the other side of the river, where he married her. He treated her well, and the couple lived together happily and in harmony. This, perhaps, is a feat more admirable than the rape of Helen, or Proserpine, and even eclipses the exploit of Gibbon Wakefield.

#### LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THE Sessional Initiatory Lecture was delivered in the Medical Theatre, on Thursday the 1st instant, by Professor Bell, to a crowded audience, and in the presence of several of the council and many of the professors. It does not fall within our province

to furnish a report of it; we can only give an abstract of its contents, from which it will be seen that the subject was general with reference to the Institution, and not particularly relating to the teaching of medical science.

The learned professor began by expressing his regret that the duty he had to perform had not fallen into the abler hands of some of his more learned colleagues, and congratulated the friends of the University on the success with which their exertions had been already crowned, and on the prospect it afforded of attaining a degree of perfection not even imagined by those not intimately acquainted with the admirable principles on which it was constituted. 'Our structure,' said he, 'offers a type of our Institution. The splendid portico, which now strikes every beholder with admiration, has reached its present state by slow gradations. Unhewn and ungraceful masses lay strewn about; stone was piled on stone, and the whole edifice was encumbered with props of poles: in all this the observer could only see coarseness and confusion; the mind of the architect alone had conceived the grace, beauty, and dignity, which stands now confessed before all eyes. And thus it is,' he continued, 'with our internal arrangement. We must not be judged of by our present appearance, the structure is not yet completed, but time will exhibit it to all, as perfect as it now can be contemplated by those only who imagined it.'

Mr. Bell then referred to the difference between the origin of this and of the old universities of England. 'They were instituted,' he said, 'not so much for the extension of learning and the improvement of science, as for the preservation of religion.' Unspeaking, however, were the services they had rendered, and to them every Englishman was deeply indebted. 'The extension of his language over half the globe, and the wide spreading influence of his country's laws and customs—a conquest which makes none to mourn—was principally to be attributed to those ancient establishments for learning. But considering the new objects of study which have arisen, and especially the absolute necessity for high professional attainments, it is obvious that new institutions must arise with the occasions for them.' The universities of Scotland, he said, could not vie in antiquity or in the splendour of their establishments with those of this part of the kingdom, but that the peculiar circumstances to which they had been subjected had made them more susceptible of such changes as the advance of mankind in knowledge seemed to require. In consequence of the peculiar church government which the Reformation introduced into Scotland, they are less under the restraint of church discipline and have no patronage in the church. 'By whatever means it happened,' he remarked, 'discoveries in science have ever found immediate countenance and zealous and ardent prosecutors in these universities. They have stood foremost among the schools of Europe for the ready encouragement of every improvement. In morals and in metaphysics, the names of Hutchinson and Adam Smith, Reid and Stewart, must ever be remembered with gratitude. In mathematics and physics, Gregory, Maclaurin, Simpson, and Playfair rank high; whilst in chemistry and in medicine, the fame of Black and Cullen, and the Munros, has spread wherever the sciences are known.' But it would appear that even these universities have retained so much of their ancient and too formal constitution, as to require periodical visitation and reform; as in the royal commission now sitting for the revival of the universities of Scotland.

The professor, in the next place, drew the attention of his audience to the excellency of the constitution of the London University, and the means which it possesses of accommodating itself to the necessities of the times, without any violent revolution. The peculiarity to which he alluded might be referred to two causes. 1. The extensive connexion which is necessarily maintained between this institution and a vast body of the public, by

means of the numerous shareholders: even by the tie of property, but much more by the regard which they must have for the education of their children; all those persons are deeply interested in seeing that this University shall continue to cultivate, in the best and most approved manner, the learning, sciences, and arts, which are useful to men in the pursuits of active life. But, 2. The Institution is not left to the popular impulse of so large a body. This impulse, while it serves to give the spirit of improvement, is under the immediate direction of a council, by whom the whole machinery is guided. This council consists, not of men suddenly raised to the exercise of power, and liable to abuse it from its novelty, but of men who are accustomed to exercise their talents and zeal in higher places; and who, in fact, descend to most painful minutiae when they give up their higher occupations to assemble here.

In this constitution there is a perpetual source of activity; a connexion with the better and wiser part of society; a participation of the influence of practical men, with men of rank and of genius; an arrangement which in every succeeding year will add to the usefulness, and consequently to the reputation of the University.

The members of the council sit before their professor on every occasion, hearing the examinations of the pupils, marking their progress, and observing the effects of the modes of teaching; thus, as it were, partaking of the labours of the professor, and particularly in their anxieties, so that they are well prepared to judge of what is best for the Institution and the public.

The ambition of the student is highly excited by feeling that his efforts are not to be made in solitude and obscurity, but that his successful exertions are noticed, and that distinction awaits him.

It was to be expected, when men of the first rank and genius became the patrons of the University, that the influence would spread, and that others would lend their aid in so meritorious a work. It was with great pleasure, therefore, that he had to announce that the Right Honourable Charles Wynne, President of the Board of Control, had presented, for the disposal of the council, a surgeoncy in the East India Company's service. It requires no great precision to foretell the happy consequences of this. When men of influence consider how often they are betrayed into giving a provision for the very least deserving, he hoped that they might see the virtue of aiding the council in their exertions for the public service, through rewards bestowed on individual merit.

In regard to the professors, Mr. Bell remarked that it is an unspeakable advantage in such institutions that there is a force silently, but incessantly operating towards improvement in the art of teaching. Without taking from him that highest privilege which belongs to a zealous professor—the credit of improving the methods of teaching and extending his course—the presence of the council must keep alive the spirit of emulation. There is no necessity for the periodical and almost violent interferences by means of college discipline, which scarcely ever fail to occasion unpleasant feelings when new codes and regulations are enacted legislatively by a special commission. Contrasted with this, the arrangement in this University leads to reformation by degrees, gently and without offence. Whatever is amiss, is at once put into a course of amendment: it is an effect like that perpetual watchfulness of the public mind maintained by means of a free press over all national councils; and which is at once the most vigilant to correct negligence and error, and the most efficacious in reformation.

The learned professor, after some further observations, proceeded to say, that if, in the constitution of other universities, as compared with this, there was reason for them to congratulate themselves, so there was also reason to rejoice in the time and place and circumstances in which their efforts were to be made.

As to time;—there was a change in the public mind from that which characterised it in the preceding age, the result of the eventful period in which we have lived. The rise and fall of great men, and the revolutions of nations, have been crowded into so small a space of time, that the moral may be drawn as from a drama; and men have witnessed tragedies in real life with so much resemblance to the rapid shifting of a scene, that they have actually complained that the leading persons have fallen in the course of nature, and not, according to the dramatic rule, by their own hands! Whilst amidst all these feverish changes of opinion, the advantages of the ancient institutions of the country, in giving security against too rapid innovation is deeply felt, there has arisen a sentiment almost universal, that education is the best foundation of sound principles, and that, if knowledge had been more general, much of the evil would have been prevented which has been witnessed in our days.

As to place;—There are certainly some people who imagine that vice reigns triumphant in London, and who indulge the thought that purity and peace inhabit the thatched cottage in the retired fields and woodlands. But wiser men say that both are exaggerations, and that everywhere vice and misery dwell with ignorance. If there be disadvantages in the education of youth in London, these disadvantages may be foreseen and obviated; but on the other hand, how great are the advantages! What man of science does not seek, as it were, his kindred in London? Who does not pine for the advantages which men may here enjoy in our museums, libraries, gardens, and learned societies?

But there is another advantage to the University which must not pass unnoticed. When the professors shall, by a double portion of labour, have established their several classes, the council may call learned and ingenious men from all parts of the world, and raise the character of this school to a height, which seeing it only, the labours of its present professors can hardly be estimated. Witness what Edinburgh has done, being a capital. Its professors were not all formed there. The celebrated Black was a professor in Glasgow. Dr. Cullen, to speak whose eulogy would be superfluous, was also a professor in Glasgow, and his reputation was high, as a teacher, before he was drawn to Edinburgh. The elder Gregory was professor in the University of Aberdeen. The present celebrated professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh was also drawn from a provincial university; and the ornament of the Scottish Church was professor in St. Andrew's before he was appointed to his present chair.

Here, then, you see, said Mr. Bell, the attraction which learned men have to the seat of learning; and so, with the thousand greater attractions of London, this University, once established, and the council which watches over it will have a more extensive patronage over learned and ingenious men, than ever fell to the lot of any similar society.

But looking to the immediate interests of the students—putting aside the well-ordered courses of study, which nowhere else in this country can they command—the combination of classes under the same roof, and the provision of private study in the intervals of leisure; what is it that attracts the attention of a well-educated youth out of the University? That which should confirm him in his best resolutions, and strengthen his highest aspirations. To see to what dignity great talents highly cultivated raise a man, in a free state—to see the eminence of our judges, or to witness the force of eloquence in the courts: by these an indelible impression must be made upon his mind, of whatever is truly excellent and worthy of imitation. Or he takes another course:—Let him visit the hospitals, and learn, perhaps, what course of life will best accord with his sense of duty and virtue. He may see that in the office of a physician there is a nearer correspondence with what religion and humanity dictate, than in any other profession,—

a course of life always respectable, which will at no time want interest, and which will appear the more honourable the nearer he approaches to the end of life\*.

Mr. Bell concluded by addressing some excellent observations to the students, particularly to those of the medical class. He remarked on the advantages the University presents as a school of medicine, and adjured the gentlemen who proposed to avail themselves of them, by their wish for the advancement of their own interests, as well as by their sense of duty and propriety, to do nothing which should tend to injure the reputation and character of the University.

At the conclusion of the lecture it was intimated that the museums, library, &c. were open for the inspection of those persons present who were inclined to avail themselves of the opportunity. The great anatomical museum and library are as yet unfinished, but they certainly promise a splendid result; nothing can surpass the magnificence of the portico both internally and externally, and the vestibule will well become it; the great room beyond the latter, which is intended, we believe, for general meetings of the proprietors, presents nothing at present but a large saloon to determine what it will be when finished. The ante-room to the anatomical museum contains a beautiful collection of specimens and preparations which speak highly for the liberality and discrimination of the council and those to whom the selection is accorded. One of the smaller rooms contains a nucleus for the department of comparative anatomy. The museum of materia medica, behind the theatre of that science and chemistry is, we believe, almost perfect, and the chemical laboratories are all that can be required or desired. The library is contained at present by the reading room; the various apparatus for the elucidation and illustration of natural philosophy, under the care of Mr. Kirby, Dr. Lardner's assistant, is so beautiful as of itself to deserve a visit; the sectional models, which we understand were constructed under the direction of the professor himself, and from his own designs, are intensely interesting from the clearness with which they exhibit the multifarious operations of machinery.

#### THE DIVAN.

DR. BLEWIT, *solus*—the Doctor turns over the pages of Mr. Cooper's novel, and thus soliloquizes:—He is certainly a clever fellow, this Yankee, and he is much improved since I reviewed 'The Last of the Mohicans.' An imitator of Scott he is, no doubt, but there's a sort of originality, too, about the man, and that is doubly valuable in these days. Blackwood's people cannot say that Cooper is a charlatan, whatever they may predicate of Bulwer. That was rather a cruel remark, by the way, on the author of 'Devereux,' who is unquestionably an abler writer than many of his stamp. But where are my friends, why am I thus left to my own opinions; I think I hear—(The voice of Sancho is heard singing without:

Give me my cigar,  
Tho' its roseate tip  
May not be so fair  
As young Julia's lip,  
Tho' its breath be less sweet,  
And its kiss colder far,  
Yet there dwells no deceit  
In my lighted cigar.\*

(Enter Sancho and Major Sackville.)

SANCHO.—There, Doctor, there's one of Mr. Bayly's last; the melody is by Mr. A. Lee; it is expected to become very popular among all classes: will you have another verse?

BLEWIT.—Not for the world.

SANCHO.—The words are much admired; Dr. Wingham has turned them into Latin *aleaics*.

\* Not having taken notice at the time of the lecture, we have to confess our obligation to a contemporary scientific periodical for much of the matter of this notice.

BLEWIT.—The Archdeacon is a pleasant gentleman.

SANCHO.—But the air has been formed into a set of quadrilles, to be called 'The Cigar Set,' published by Willis and Co. The song itself is to be sung at the Birmingham Festival, after Beethoven's 'Miserere,' and the barrel organ is—

SACKVILLE.—In mercy, Sancho, forbear; leave Mr. Bayly to the barrel organs and to himself. We have been inspecting the new police, Doctor.

BLEWIT.—Well, what do you think of it?

SACKVILLE.—Approve—

SANCHO.—The system is good, and the officers apparently a very active, efficient body of men; the outcry against them is unintelligible to me.

BLEWIT.—Illustrious Sancho, *comme vous êtes enfant!*—the outcry is a natural, intelligible, and reasonable outcry. Do you not perceive that this new police system threatens ruin and confusion to by far the most extensive and lucrative occupation in London? Consider, man, the vested interests it will disturb, the operatives it will throw out of employ.

SANCHO.—Well, but Doctor it will not throw out of employ either the editor of 'The Morning Herald,' or the editor of 'The Standard,' for surely you would not insinuate—

BLEWIT.—Heaven forbid! These sagacious gentlemen decry the new police from other motives; they have discovered between it and the Catholic Question a mysterious and dreadful relationship. To their apprehension the system smells of free trade, and may one of those days be called upon to support the Duke of Wellington in his well-known designs against the state.

SACKVILLE.—And yet, Bartie, to what a melancholy ebb the Tory journals are reduced, when they descend to such prating on such a subject. One would think, *a priori*, that every man would rejoice in being protected as much as possible from robbery.

SANCHO.—The fact is, I suppose, Major, that people do not like even to have their own way, except, as Colonel Hardy says, it is exactly their own way of having it. What comfort can a man feel in having his purse or his life preserved if it is done by an officer who supported the Catholic Question?

BLEWIT.—Major, how do the theatres promise?

SACKVILLE.—Pretty well. If the exertions of individuals can relieve Covent Garden, we may hope to see it flourish yet.

SACKVILLE.—If you would see a good play well acted, Doctor, I recommend you to go to Covent Garden the next time Romeo and Juliet is performed: every character is well supported; but I do assure you, that Miss Kemble's Juliet is one of the most beautiful and affecting representations I ever witnessed on any stage. No doubt the peculiar circumstances which brought her into public notice were sufficient to prejudice the poor child in one's favour; but her fame as an actress, Bartie, stands in need of no indulgence; try her by any test—bring a man from the uttermost parts of the earth, to whom her history is no more known than it is to the Emperor of China; and if such a person, on witnessing her Juliet, be not overpowered by the innocence, the pathos, the poetry of the representation, I say he has neither the heart of a civilized being, nor the sense, nor sympathies of a man.

SANCHO.—They say she owes much of her excellence to her relations. Some persons say she has received instruction from Mrs. Siddons.

SACKVILLE.—Bah—she has received no more instructions from Mrs. Siddons than I have; nor do I perceive in her acting that extraordinary resemblance to her aunt which struck so many of the newspaper critics. Miss Kemble, Sancho, is a young lady of no ordinary powers, and between minds of a certain magnitude there is always some degree of similarity.

BLEWIT.—Is she equal to Miss O'Neil?

SACKVILLE.—Decidedly superior—superior to



any one I can remember since the bright days of my boyhood.

BLEWIT.—Then, Major, you shall take places for me and two friends, and I will go to see her. If Miss Kemble really deserves all that you have said of her to-night, it will be in her power to do that which no individual or combination in the country could have done beside. She will preserve the fortunes of Covent Garden Theatre.

### THE DRAMA.

#### Covent Garden.

On Monday morning we despaired for Covent Garden theatre; for we reasoned thus: Mr. Price has lowered his prices; and why? not, certainly, out of generosity to an impoverished British public, but on a well-founded calculation that low prices will in the end prove more profitable to him than high ones. And if the greater profit is to be the result of a diminution of price at Drury Lane, does not the rule hold good for Covent Garden? and can this theatre be delivered from its embarrassments if it be under the necessity of persisting in a system which the proprietors of Drury Lane have abandoned as unprofitable; especially when it is subject to the new disadvantage of having to compete with the entertainments offered by a rival at lower prices? The popularity of Covent Garden theatre itself—of that stage which the present generation are accustomed to associate with their remembrances of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons; and the favour in which Mr. Charles Kemble himself so deservedly stands with the public, will go far, no doubt, to produce occasional overflowing houses; but motives of pleasing recollections, kindness, and generosity, stand little chance of enduring long in times like the present; and we feared, for Mr. Charles Kemble, that he was only persevering at the cost of spirits, health, and fortune, in his endeavours to uphold a sinking cause. The first evening's performance of the season has dissipated all our anxiety and apprehension on the subject, and now we doubt not, if a triumphant season can re-establish the affairs of the theatre, that ere the next closing, the embarrassments of Covent Garden will be remedied.

To those to whom it is a gratification to witness or share in popular excitement, a high treat was afforded at the opening of this house on Monday. The walls of a theatre never resounded with more enthusiastic shouts than those which greeted Mr. Kemble on this occasion. The applause which welcomed the appearance of Miss Kemble was not less cordial. The apprehension of overwhelming a debutante only rendered it less boisterous. At the conclusion of her performance it was as decided and rapturous as that with which the overflowing house had testified the desire to encourage the devotion of the father, and to recompense him for his sacrifices.

The daily papers have anticipated us in the announcement of Miss Kemble's success, and scarcely any thing more remains for us than to express our cordial concurrence in the admiration which she appears to have universally inspired. The performance of Monday was of such a character that we can hardly be too hasty in concluding from it, that the English boards once again possess a tragic actress of the very first rank. Clever women, although rare before, were not wanting; but the union of the lady-like manners with elegant person, powerful character, artist-like talent, and genius, which the name of a first-rate tragic actress implies, has not been seen on the English boards since Mrs. Siddons took her leave of the stage; and to the rest of Europe the character, in its perfection, is unknown. Pasta approaches nearest to it. Some of the qualities, and the most essential ones, she possesses to their full extent; but in others required to complete it she must be held deficient. If Miss Kemble, therefore, occupy the place left void by her relative, even should she fail completely

to fill it, she will stand pre-eminent in Europe in an art, the excellence of which bespeaks qualities which rank their possessor among the most favoured of their species. We cannot join in treating it as a subject for lamentation that circumstances should call into exercise the rare powers of a person endowed with the qualities of a great artist. Respectability, in the public eye, depends on the conduct more than on the station or the avocation; but when we treat of matters of art we are treading on higher ground, where worldly notions do not and cannot interfere. The world of art may revolve in a more circumscribed orbit than the world of fashion; but it moves also, through a more glowing, and to those who are capable of feeling its genial warmth, a preferable atmosphere. If to live in the memory of men be the most glorious of mortal rewards, who would not prefer the fame of Mrs. Siddons, the great tragedian, to the silent oblivion which has engulfed the names of many distinguished for rank, worth, and respectability, her contemporaries, who have descended to the tomb before her, unknown and forgotten; while she, though still surviving, is secure of a reputation that shall long live after her.

But the Juliet of Miss Fanny Kemble—The performance was that of an actress perfectly mistress of the part. It was a true Juliet; tender, graceful, dignified, energetic, and occasionally sublime. Miss Kemble has the advantage of a person elegant in a very rare degree. The use she made of that advantage evinced some study; but the judgment and taste which directed the art that had been invoked in aid, appeared even more admirable than the quality itself. In preparing for such an undertaking it was not to be supposed that an unwilling ear would have been turned to the instruction of experienced friends, and the results of that instruction might be traceable in the performance; but it was equally evident that the tuition had been received by one who had exercised her own judgment in profiting by it, and who, not disdaining to avail herself of the counsel of others, had relied principally on her own powers for bringing her through her task. It is very clear, indeed, that Miss Kemble would be as capable of giving lessons as she has proved herself sagacious in receiving them, and that there is not an actor or actress on the stage who might not derive advantage from her suggestions. If called upon to give a preference to any one portion of the character of her acting above that of another, we should say that the parts in which she seemed more completely herself were those which afforded her the opportunity of displaying the force and energy of her character. We expect to see her eminently successful in Lady Macbeth. Can we say more to express our own opinion of her excellence?

Mr. Kemble's Mercutio was an admirable personation. His first entry deserved almost all the rapturous applause which interrupted him, and which was intended to express the public feeling in his favour on other grounds. Mr. Abbot deserved every praise for his exertions, and for the absence of every thing like bad taste or bad acting; but nature did not intend him for Romeo. Mrs. C. Kemble, as Lady Capulet, was the perfect lady.

A most respectable looking group appeared to go through the usual ceremony, introductory to the season, of performing the national anthem. The house encored it, much to the annoyance of Miss Kelly and ourselves, not certainly from our yielding in loyalty to the most zealous of his majesty's subjects, but because we like to see a reason for all things. But a British audience is a stupid animal, as Miss Kelly's short quick double toss of the head seemed very significantly to express. We heartily sympathised with her.

#### Drury-Lane.

DRURY-LANE has commenced the season with more than one novelty; and on these boards also the public has had the gratification of giving a cordial

and a well-merited welcome to the offspring of an old favourite: we allude to the first appearance of Mr. Inledon, in the part of Young Meadows, in 'Love in a Village,' on Saturday. There is nothing more difficult than to form a decided opinion as to the precise position which an actor is destined to occupy in the favour of the public from such a first effort as that of Mr. Inledon. That the place he will fill will be a very respectable one, if that will content him, is certain; and that it will be a high one we rather incline to expect than to doubt. His voice is rich and agreeable, and his style of singing bespeaks great care and much taste. If, as there is every reason to suppose, the timidity which is unavoidable to a first appearance before the public, even in the most confident, operated as a check on the exertion of the full powers of Mr. Inledon, there is little doubt that he will become a most valuable addition to the musical corps of any establishment; but if, as may be the case, the excellence he displayed on Monday night was the result of unusual excitement, and of the pains and study which preparations of a first appearance require, we fear that, as a stage-singer, Mr. Inledon will not long stand in such a rank as alone would satisfy his ambition. Both the acting and singing of Mr. Inledon were quite gentlemanly.

Miss Betts performed, for the first time, the part of Rosetta, in this opera, with a spirit and ease in which few of her compere could equal her. This lady, indeed, improves daily: as she grows more familiar with the stage, she contrives to cast from her a certain rigid, governess-like single blessedness air, which it would not have been gallant to object to while it existed, but which, now that it is overcome, we may say gave a most disagreeable harshness to her acting. With confidence and exercise also, the powers of her voice, if they have not increased, have become more developed. In Rosetta she was most animated and effective in each department of her art.

Both the houses look well; and, although we had been long brewing an attack on colossal theatres, we have changed our mind on once again contemplating their spaciousness and brilliancy. Drury-Lane certainly looks less dingy than formerly; the new scroll with which the panels are decorated does not produce a happy effect. The foliage is of too crowded a character.

### BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE triennial Musical Festival, at Birmingham, deservedly ranks as the first of our Provincial Music Meetings. It has hitherto been distinguished above the other festivals of the same description, although we by no means desire to speak slightly of the rest, by a better choice of performance, a better general management, and what is perhaps at once the cause and effect of these two advantages, a more numerous attendance, and consequently a larger income. Neither the festivals which have been occasionally held at Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, and Chester, nor the alternate meetings of the three choirs of Gloster, Worcester, and Hereford, which, we believe, afforded the first example of a meeting of the kind, nor even the occasional festival at York, have hitherto been such as to vie with that of Birmingham. This superiority is mainly to be ascribed to the exertions of a very highly-respected and clever musical amateur, Mr. Moore, who for thirty or forty years has had the principal concern in the direction of it. This gentleman, distinguished equally for his zeal, his talents, his indefatigability, and gentlemanly manners, preparatory to the festival, makes his visit to London, attends the rehearsals and performances at the Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts, the Operas, and other musical entertainments; and having, by a nicely discriminating ear, exercised his own judgment in selecting from the orchestras of the metropolis the most effective members for his own company, the assemblage he procures has never yet failed of being most excellent, and there can be no doubt that this year it

will be on the usual magnificent scale, and that the festival, while, in a pecuniary point of view, it benefits the charity in the aid of which it is principally instituted,—whilst it proves lucrative to the professors of the delightful art to which it gives such effectual encouragement,—and while, by occasioning a general circulation of the needful, it enriches the productive classes of society in general, so, we doubt not, will it prove profitable in another sense to the higher ranks of society. From them, it is true, must be drawn the means by which the others derive their benefit, but they will receive their recompense not only in the satisfaction derived from contemplating the good effects ensuing from the diffusion of their wealth, and the gratification they derive from the opportunity of hearing music in as much perfection as it could be executed in the most favoured city in Europe, but in the improvement to their taste and judgment in an art which is daily growing in honour in England. We promise ourselves the satisfaction of giving a notice of the performances next week.

### THE COLOSSEUM.

THE ascending room at this place of wonders is at length completed. By this ingenious contrivance visitors who choose it may be raised to the first gallery without the labour of ascending the stairs, and indeed without any exertion whatever on their parts. Besides this convenience the invention itself we understand is a very extraordinary effort of mechanical invention. The first idea was imagined by Mr. Horner early in the progress of the Panorama, but it is only lately that he has been able to carry his design into complete execution. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland and Prince George, with a numerous suite, were the first to be raised by it on their visit to the Colosseum on Saturday last.

### THE IRIS.

THE well-known subject of the 'Madonna and Child' of Morillo, in this new annual, is in some respects one of the sweetest plates we have ever seen. The delicacy and grace, the wonderful vivacity so characteristic of the heads of the Spanish painter are preserved with admirable fidelity. The plate is from the burin of Graves. The half-figure of the Saviour, from Carlo Dolce, is full of religious sentiment, and finished with exquisite minuteness. The St. John and St. Magdalen, from the same master, are ill chosen specimens of his works, or have not been copied from originals. Carlo Dolce is a painter with whom travellers, especially ladies, on arriving at Genoa outward bound, are in ecstasies. On their way homeward they will hardly deign to glance at the same pictures which formerly excited them even to transport. Has their taste been purified or vitiated? It is treason, however we know, in certain quarters to object to any thing against sweet Carlo Dolce, and we would not offend the enthusiasm of a single reader by urging this question further at present. We pass on to the next plate which is 'The Flight into Egypt' of Claude, than which a more delightful subject could not be chosen. It is sweetly engraved by Smith.

The 'Christ Expounding the Law,' from a painting by Leonardo da Vinci, is a most impressive subject, but as here treated fails in the principal figure; whether by the fault of the engraver we will not pretend to decide, although, besides the deficiency of expression in the countenance, a certain harshness in the lines of the engraving will not escape observation. Some of the other heads have been more within reach. The two on the left hand are particularly remarkable for their expression, variety of character, and masterly effect. The 'Raising of Lazarus' is an extraordinary composition. We do not remember to have seen the picture; and, judging from the engraving, regret our ignorance but little. 'Christ in the Garden of

Gethsamene,' engraved by Engleheart, is one of the most pleasing plates in the set. It is delightfully simple. 'The Incredulity of St. Thomas,' engraved by Raddon, from a painting by L. Caracci, forms a fine variety with the rest of the plates by its force.

The 'Hagar and Ishmael' of Barocci pleases by its grace and simplicity of composition. The works of this painter indeed tell better in engravings than in the original pictures. In the former we lost sight of his disagreeable tinty manner of colouring, and a certain tendency to littleness of style is rather suited than otherwise to the highly finished and minute plates which form the embellishments of annuals.

It will not fail to be observed that the embellishments for this annual have all been taken from ancient masters. The conductors certainly could not do better than go to such sources for religious paintings, but we do not see the necessity of their being altogether exclusive.

### NEW MUSIC.

'The Land of the Citron and Myrtle,' the Words translated from the celebrated Goethe, adapted to Music composed by Beethoven. Ewer and Johanning.

THIS ninth number of the foreign popular melodies united to English poetry, is one of the most scientific and yet pleasing specimens we have reviewed. An andantino in A, of only seventeen bars, exhibits some unusually ingenious and unexpected transitions and modulations through the keys of D, G, C, F, &c., quite in the best style of the erratic but classical Beethoven, and is followed by a brief but pleasing allegretto in G-8, of only fourteen bars more. The German words are added.

No. I. 'Lays of Harmony, or, the Musical Scrap Book,' a Collection of the most admired Italian, German, French, Spanish, Venetian, Sicilian, Irish, Scotch, Welch, and English National Melodies, collated and adapted in the clearest and most familiar manner, with the leading fingering for incipient performers upon the Piano-forte, by N. B. Challoner, and intended (as recreative exercises) immediately to follow his popular 'Book of Instruction' for that instrument; in four books, each containing twelve favourite airs. Mayhew and Co.

WITHOUT exception the most useful and pleasing work of the sort that has ever yet appeared! The voluminous title of this *multum in parvo* explains quite fully its professions; and we can only add, that it is all it professes to be. Perhaps not any commencing work for the Piano-forte ever enjoyed a more extensive sale than that of Challoner, every teacher almost having employed it, until its success induced masters and writers of the highest class to publish imitations. Three editions, of more than three thousand copies of each, have been circulated; and this literal 'Scrap Book' deserves, and we trust will experience, a similar success.

The popular Ballad, 'Alice Gray,' composed by Mrs. P. Millard, arranged with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte, by Philip Knapton. A. Pettet.

MRS. MILLARD'S ballad has been eminently popular and deservedly successful, and Knapton (the clever and respected professor, of York) has adapted some very ingenious variations to it. Here are but four, besides the introduction and thema, but they exhibit excellent taste and judgment. Peculiar care has been taken with the punctuation and expression, and consequently a finish and propriety pervade the whole.

No. 3 of Rossini's favourite Operas, arranged for the Flute, by William Forde. Cocks and Co.

ANOTHER specimen of the neat, well imagined, and eminently pleasing productions, issued by Cocks

and Co. for the amateur of the flute. Forde's previous arrangements, under the above title, have been *Moisè in Egitto* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and his third number presents *La Donna del Lago*, in a similar form. Fourteen pieces (nearly the whole of Rossini's favourite operas) well arranged for 3s.!

### THE ELOPEMENT.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

(From the MS. Notes of a French Usurer lately deceased.)

SHE had said to me the night before, 'Thy heart inhabits mine,' and those magic words had removed the suspicions which an unjust jealousy had excited in me. Love, as my own experience tells me, is surrounded with fears and inquietudes: like the eagle, it dwells in the midst of storms; but a word, a look is sufficient to restore tranquillity. It is natural to dread the loss of an adored woman's affection, and it is as natural to believe the object of one's love when her lips reveal such thoughts as bring back hope and inspire visions of happiness.

Still a remaining trouble, which I could not account for, tormented me! 'Dost thou still doubt me?' said she, in that tone which always made me start. 'Cruel man! thou shalt doubt no more! Come, let us leave the place of his abode! I shall be blamed, condemned perhaps, and this persuasion wounds me. But what of the world? Would I not purchase thy repose at the expense of all that is most dear? Come, then, and by the greatness of the sacrifice thou shalt estimate the strength of my love.' 'To-morrow, then, at break of day,' replied I, with a trembling voice; and I immediately left her to make the necessary preparations for our journey.

The moment expected with so much impatience had arrived. A post-chaise stood ready at the gate of Mondovi. The sun had for an hour been gilding with his faint rays the crown of the Apennines, when Ida suddenly appeared. Her dress consisted of a plain white robe, on which hung the jet cross given by her mother, and a brown mantle, à l'italienne, which, varied by the morning breeze, disclosed her slender figure. The ringlets of her brown hair escaped from under a *chapeau de paille*, the azure lining of which gave ineffable sweetness to her expressive features. Her cheeks were alternately flushed and pale with modesty, tenderness, and fear. No king's daughter ever was more noble, more graceful, or more lovely. 'Olivia! it is I.'—'I am thine for life,' said she, as she leaned upon my arm to ascend the carriage. For an instant she hesitated, blushed and bowed her head; I perceived a few tears within her eye-lids; then, as if she had taken a sudden resolution, she exclaimed, 'It is done! let us go!'

We witnessed the waking up of nature. The sky was wonderfully bright and clear; the morning mist gradually dissipated by the early rays, discovered each moment fresh prospects of the partly cultivated and partly rich country presented along the Apennine range. A smiling verdure seemed to rejoice between the fissures of those terrible rocks which for twenty years served as a retreat to the implacable force of the Capulets: a sublime contrast presenting to us the image of beauty on the lap of terror! My mind was not adequate to the profound impression which it felt; and in the intoxication of my joy, I could not find words to express it to her whose destiny was now inevitably bound up with mine. Both pleasure and pain when they have reached their highest degree overwhelm the faculties. May not this be one proof of the weakness of man, and of the existence of that Eternal Power who alone preserves all his might, whether amid the charms of spring, the frosts of winter, or the flashes of the tempest? 'Happy moment!' These words pronounced by Ida, aroused me from my trance. That voice, the melody of which is to my charmed ear more elevating than the conceits of angels, made a stream of pleasure thrill through my veins. I was



then near her—alone with her! My head rested on her bosom, while her hand played among my locks, which she pressed to her adored lips. Ah! an hour thus spent is worth an age of existence filled up with future ambition and glory!

All on a sudden, the hand of Ida, at first glowing, became icy cold. 'The thought of separation from thee still haunts me,' she murmured; 'but it is an illusive memory to me; it softens my regret.'

'The thought of separation from thee,' replied I indignantly, 'never occurs to me but when thy irresolution calls it forth. So far from any such illusion being necessary to me, it kills me. It is a horrible phantom tracking my footsteps, and tormenting my life! Ah! had I uttered such words, I could not by any means have atoned for them. How is it possible to regret not being beheld with indifference by the object one has sworn always to love? My heart will never furnish the solution of that enigma!'

Meanwhile, the heavens were covered with clouds, which, careering from east to west, resembled, in their fantastic forms, those iron-armed warriors who unceasingly chase each other in the paradise of Odin. An impetuous wind shook the trees that bordered the road along which we travelled. A thousand birds uttered ominous cries, flew about the carriage, and flapping their dark wings against the glasses, gave to the outward tempest an awful and mysterious character. At every repeated thunder-clap, and on each flash of lightning, I pressed Ida in my arms; I saw no danger but as it might harm her, and I sought only to make myself her shield. What was my surprise when she repelled my kindness. I gazed upon her! Her eyes were full of indifference and disdain; and the bitter expression of her lips seemed to say: 'His only were the right of acting thus—he only occupies my thought!' 'Hast thou then deceived me?' I exclaimed. 'Thou shalt deceive me no longer; for spite of thyself I will rend thy heart!' and as I uttered these words, in the fury which transported me, I tore with my hands her breast of alabaster, which opened with a horrible sound! What did I see, great God! in that asylum where I thought I only reigned! My own name almost effaced, and that of this man written in characters of fire! My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I could not stir. Chained to that body, the touch of which seemed to scorch me, I felt as if I was suffocated and died! Hell has no heavier punishment! It seemed to me that the carriage fell into a deep abyss, and the violent shock which I felt restored to my limbs the motion they had lost.

I awoke, and still was doubting whether this horrible nightmare was not real, when I heard the silver sound of a clock. It was the signal which daily at the dawn of light called the pupils of the boarding-school at ——— to their studies.

By degrees my trouble was dissipated, and I recovered tranquillity of mind, repeating to myself a thousand times those words of Ida, 'Thy heart inhabits mine.'

### THE BEAVER; ITS CONSTRUCTIONS.

(From *Le Globe*.)

EVERY one is familiar with the history of the American castor, and its wonderful constructions; but it is not so well known that we have in Europe a beaver exactly like the American in form, and which like him possesses the art of building his house or making his embankment on the river.

This animal, at present known by the name of the *beaver*, was formerly found in many parts of Europe and Asia; now the species is considerably reduced: it is scarcely to be found but in certain of the German provinces, and perhaps will soon finish by its complete disappearance.

Among the ancients the beaver was in great renown, and passed for being endowed with extraordinary sagacity. The means, it is said, to which it had recourse for escape from the hunter was celebrated not only by naturalists, but even by poets, and

later it became a text for the dissertations of philosophy, when it became fashionable to teach morality and politics under the form of an emblem. This brilliant reputation it sustained unimpaired down to the epoch of the discovery of America. Then the comparison with which it had been the custom to regard the labours of the Canadian castor and those of the beaver became all to the disadvantage of the latter, the very name of which finished by falling into oblivion. Naturalists alone appeared to remember it; and some, taking for their foundation the perfect resemblance in the organization of the two animals,—advanced the position that, if their habits were not the same, the cause was to be found in the difference of their external circumstances. They remarked that from the period of the conquest of the new world, a commencement in degeneration was already to be observed in the Canadian castor. In the spots in which the Europeans had established themselves, this animal, disturbed in its labours, alarmed at the noise of fire-arms, seems with the loss of its feeling of independence, to have lost all its talents. It often contented itself for a residence with a kennel which it hollowed out on the borders of a river. This point of resemblance with our European beaver did not in truth prove that this had been in former days an architect, and the ancients it must be confessed, have never spoken of his constructions; but the name which they gave to this animal *fiber*, a corruption of the word *faber*, a workman, seems to indicate a disposition to build.

As to the rest, whatever may be the degree of value which we concede to this etymological induction, it is now no longer permitted to us to doubt that our beavers do know how to construct; and M. Meyerinck has just made us acquainted with the labours of a colony which has been established for some time past, in the district of Magdeburg.

The place which these animals inhabit, and to which they have given the name of *biber-nache*, (beaver ditch) is situated upon the edge of the Nuthe, about half a league above the fall of this river into the Elbe. It is a desert country covered with willow trees; and it is probably the union of these two circumstances which has determined the establishment of the colony, since there is to be found there, at the same time, absolute quiet and abundance of food.

Beavers live most frequently in pretty large burrows, thirty or forty paces in length, and inclined in such manner that one extremity terminates on the surface of the soil, and the other ends in the river, a little below the common level of the water. Beside their subterranean residences, these animals have huts built in a branch-like arrangement on the earth, to which they retire when the inundation chases them from their burrow. It is during this time only that they are to be found during the day couched upon their huts, or in the neighbouring willows; all the rest of the year they are concealed during the day, and only go out at sunset.

In summer and autumn they pass all their nights abroad. They move in the winter with so much facility, that they advance as well in climbing the river as in descending it. According as they conceive themselves in more or less safety, they show only the tip of their noses, or discover the head, and even part of the back. When they perceive no occasion for fear, they come out from the river, and go from it as far sometimes as fifty paces, in order to cut with their 'incisives,' willows or aspen-trees for their food, or other woods for the purposes of their construction.

When it begins to grow cold, the beavers keep themselves more within doors, and sometimes dam up the upper end of their burrows, seldom going out more than every eight or ten days to obtain their provisions. Probably were their winter as rigorous as it is in Canada, they would, like the castor, lay up a store of provisions for the whole season.

Beavers never eat the bark of a tree while it is standing, as do other nibblers; the desire with them

is to have separate branches, and they often pass many nights in bringing to the ground a willow of ten or twelve inches in diameter. When a branch which has been cut off is too strong to be carried away by one alone, they divide it into stumps from two to three feet in length, so that one may be able to drag it through the water in his *teeth*, and not by his feet, as some authors have ascribed. In eating, they are squatted upon their hind legs, and gnaw off young branches of the willow, by twisting them about rapidly with their fore paws. They always take their food near the water, and whilst at their meals, their faces are always turned from the river side.

It is in autumn that the instinct of construction begins to develop itself most strikingly among the beavers. By this time they are to be seen cleaning the wood with their teeth, and pushing away with both breast and feet the soft earth which they take up near the river. Their huts, about eight or ten feet in height, present the appearance of ovens; without being as elegant as those of the Canadian castor, they are constructed with great artfulness, and are perfectly close.

The course of the Nuthe, which winds through a flat country, and ordinarily flows with a full stream, generally saves the beavers the necessity of making artificial burrows. However, in the hot summer of 1822, the waters having reached to the point at which the lower opening of the burrows was discovered, the beavers constructed a passage. They chose a strait where the river presented in its middle a slight eminence, and constructed strong branches on each side. This first partition established, they blocked up the interstices with rushes and clay, and their ditch was so well walled up, that it was higher by a foot than the level of the water. M. Meyerinck caused it to be destroyed by different attacks, and each time it was reconstructed on the following night in the same manner, and with the same solidity. The colony, however, at this time was composed of but fifteen or twenty individuals.

The lady beavers are in the straw in the month of April. When surprised with their little ones, they lose all timidity; they have been seen to attack sportsmen, who have been obliged to defend themselves. They have also killed otters, though those animals are courageous, well armed, and at least as skilful as the beaver in moving in the water.

### MISCELLANIES.

VIRTUE OF THE GOOSE.—'Yet fare well the gentle goose, which bringeth to a man, even to his doore so many exceeding commodities! For the goose is man's comfort in war and in peace, sleeping and waking. What prayse soever is given to shootinge, the goose may challenge the best part of it. Howe well doth she make a man fare at his table. Howe easlye doth she make a man lye in his bedde! Howe fitte, even as her feathers be only for shootinge, so be her quills for writinge.'

The Romaynes, not to much because a goose with crying saved their capitolium and heade toure, with their golden Jupiter, as Propertius dothe saye, very pretely in this verse,

Anseris et tutam voce fuisse Jovem.—Prop.

Id est;

Thieves on a night had stolne Jupiter, had a goose not a kekede;

did make a golden goose, and set her in the toppes of the capitolium, and appointed also the censors to allow out of the common batche yearly stipendes for the findinge of certaine geese; the Romaynes did not, I saye, give all this honour to a goose for that good dede onely, but for other infinite one, which come daily to a man by geese; and surely if I should declaine in the prayse of any manner of best lyvinge, I would choose a goose!

Roger Ascham.

ORIGIN OF ASSURANCE.—Savary, in his 'Dictionary of Commerce,' asserts that we owe the invention of assurance to the Jews about the time

that they were driven out of France in 1182, under the reign of Philip Augustus; and as some attribute to them moreover the origin of letters of exchange about the same time, it is probable enough that, both offering such great security to commercial transactions, their invention may be referred to the same origin.

**FANATICISM.**—Common fanaticism we cannot away with; for it is essentially vulgar, the working of animal passions, sometimes of sexual love, and oftener of earthly ambition. But when a pure mind errs, by aspiring after a disinterestedness and purity not granted to our present infant state, we almost reverence its errors; and still more we recognize in them an essential truth. They only anticipate and claim too speedily the good for which man was made. They are the misapprehensions of the inspired prophet, who hopes to see in his own day what he was appointed to promise to remoter ages.—*Channing's character of Fenelon.*

**JERUSALEM VERSUS ROME.**—The Church of Jerusalem is the Mother of Christendom; sanctified by the death of Christ, the descent of the Holy Spirit, the preaching of the Apostles, a general council of the Apostles in the year of 49 or 50, and the martyrdom of St. James its first bishop. At Jerusalem was the Christian Church before that of Rome was in being. This was the seat of our Lord, the head of the church. Here the Son of God himself preached; here the Apostles first established Christianity; hence the Gospel was first sent forth to be preached to all nations, Luke xxiv. 17. Therefore is Jerusalem and not Rome, the Mother of all Churches!—*Kendal's Letters on Ireland.*

#### LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A small volume, entitled, 'Life on Board a Man of War,' is about to be published by Black, Fullarton, and Co. of Glasgow. The narrator served on board the Genoa, and promises to give much interesting matter concerning the conduct of that vessel during the action, and the accusations brought against Captain Dickenson.

#### BOOKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Warton's Death-Bed Scenes, vols. 5 and 6, 12mo.; new edition, vol. 3. 8vo. 6s.  
Hood's Epping Hunt, with Cruickshank's Designs, foolscap 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
John Gilpin, by Cruickshank, 1s.  
Tooke's Diversions of Purley, new edition, with additions, 2 vols. 8vo. 17. 10s.  
Blackstone's Commentaries, by Lee, &c. 4 vols. 8vo. 37. 13s. 6d.  
Illustrations to Literary Souvenir, 1830.  
Bijou for 1830. 12s.  
Weekstead's Bills of Costs, K. B. and C. P. 6s.  
Concise History of all the Principal Styles of Architecture, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
Forget Me Not, 1830, with 14 plates, 12s.  
A. Cooper's Surgical Lectures, 12mo. 8s.  
Bayle and Holland's Manual of General Anatomy, by H. Storer, 6s.  
The United Family, by Matilda Williams, 18mo. 2s. 6d.

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.	Oct.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 28	52	45	29.67	N. to W.	Clear.	Cir.-Cum.
Tues. 29	47	48	29.75	N.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Wed. 30	53	48	30.00	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cir.-Cum.
Thurs. 1	51	52	30.06	E.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
Fríd. 2	57	53	29.90	Ditto.	Rain.	Cirrostratus
Sat. 3	49	54	29.63	S.W.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun. 4	44	58	29.72	N.W.-W.	Fair, Cl.	Ditto.

Nights fair, excepting that of Saturday. Mornings fair, except on Saturday and Sunday.  
Mean temperature of the week, 50.5.  
Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.84.  
Highest temperature at noon, 59°.

#### Astronomical Observations.

Sun eclipsed invisible on Monday.  
Sun in mean distance on Saturday.  
Saturn's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 150° 29' in Leo.  
Jupiter's ditto ditto 102° 58' in Sagitt.  
Sun's ditto ditto 102° 58' in Libra.  
Length of day on Sunday, 11 h. 21 m.; decreased 5 h. 13 m.  
Sun's horary motion, 2' 27" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99937.

**COLOSSEUM, REGENT'S PARK.**—The Proprietors of this magnificent EXHIBITION, invite the attention of the Public to the **NEW ARRANGEMENT OF THE ADMISSIONS.**  
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